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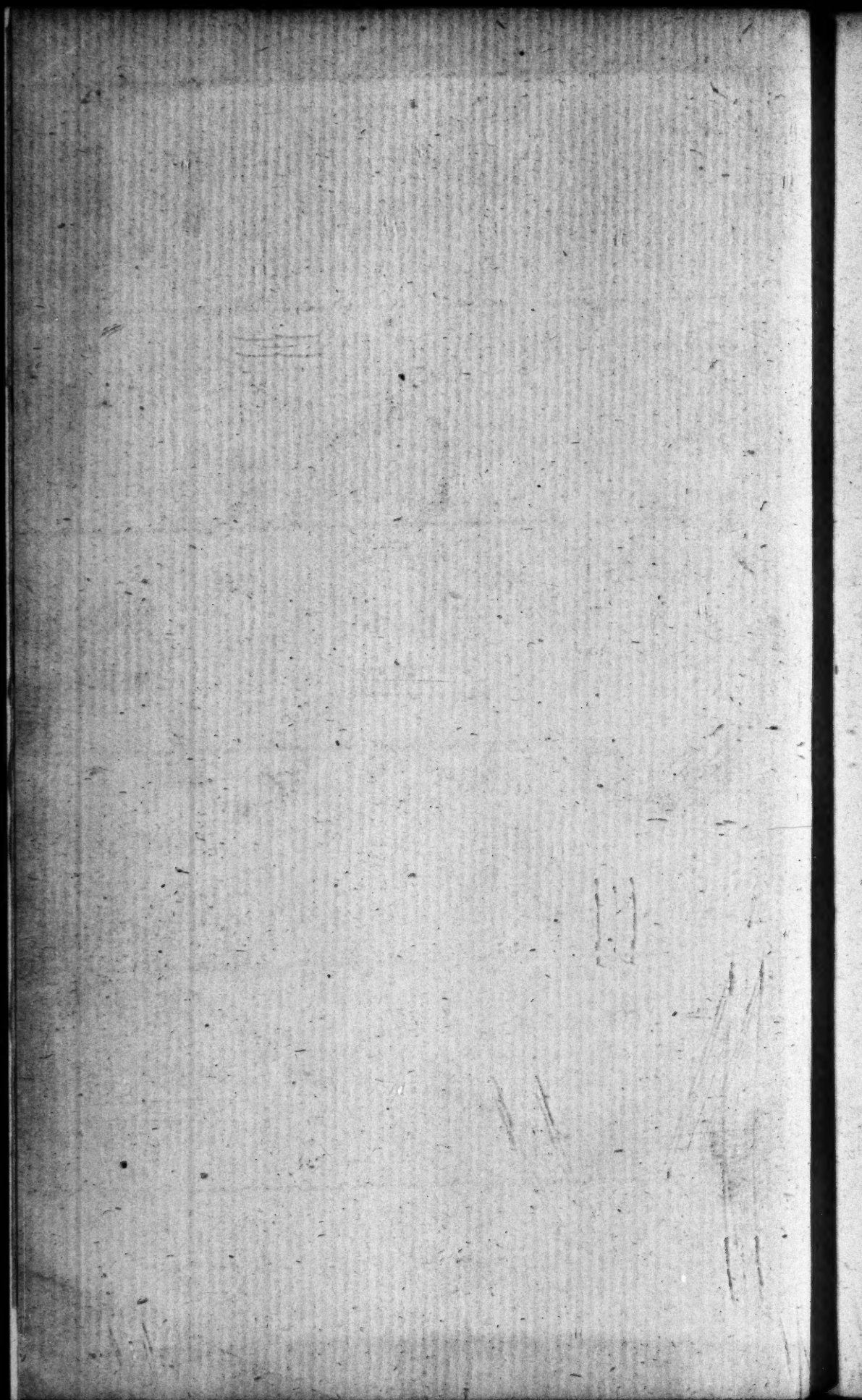


Sir Thomas Miller B.^t

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IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

IMITATIONS



HORACE

IMITATIONS

J. M.

OF

HORACE.

K

BY

THOMAS NEVILE, A.M.

Fellow of JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. THURLBURN, and J. WOODYER,
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MDCCLVIII.



Thomas Miller Esq.

TO THE REVEREND

Mr. H U R D.

DEAR SIR,

THE propriety of this address needs no explanation, and I intend to give it none. I had too great an interest in the use of your name to suffer this opportunity to escape me without acknowledging my connections with one, who has it in his power to recommend a work of this kind to the public by his life, no less than his writings. Perhaps a

vindication of the subject of these essays would not be equally unnecessary in these tender times, when, through the too scrupulous delicacy of some, and the suspicious sensibility of others, honest SATIRE is sure to meet with no quarter. To all such I cannot do better than reply in the words of an eminent philosophizing DIVINE, in the list of whose moral qualities CANDOUR has deservedly held the first rank: “ quod si quis
 “ sub prætextu nescio cujus affectatæ animi
 “ tranquillitatis, prudentiæ, pacisve studii,
 “ tolerare posset sine omni animi commo-
 “ tione quod turpiter commissum est con-
 “ tra communia humani generis jura &
 “ æternas virtutis leges, cum tamen pri-
 “ vata quavis injuria in seipsum immissa
 “ fatis uri & commoveri soleat; insigne
 “ certe

(vii)

" certe hoc esset specimen HYPOCRISEOS,
" QUÆ NON TAM RIDENDA ESSET
" QUAM AB OMNIBUS MORTALIBUS EX-
" SECRANDA." Believe me,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend

CAMBRIDGE,
JESUS COLL. Feb. 6, 1758.

and Servant,

THOMAS NEVILE.

C O N T E N T S.

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A R T A S
THE
FIRST SATIRE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK.

B

SATIRA

S A T I R A

I.

QUI fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
 Seu Ratio dederit, seu Fors objecerit, illa
 Contentus vivat; laudet diversa sequentes?
 O! fortunati mercatores, gravis armis
 Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore.
 Contra mercator, navim jactantibus auftris,
 Militiæ est potior: [quid enim? concurritur: horæ
 Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.]
 Agricola laudat juris legumque peritus,
 Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
 Ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,
 Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
 [Cætera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
 Delassare valent Fabium.] ne te morer, audi

Quo

S A T I R E

I.

YES; it is strange : sure Nature never meant
For man that last best blessing of content.

Whate'er the Station, each hates that alone,

A friend to all professions, but his own.

Thrice happy merchant, safe from luckless wars, 5

Exclaims the vet'ran, counting o'er his scars !

O envy'd lot of arms, the merchant cries,

When the bleak terrors of a storm arise !

POLLIO, who shines, and many a year has shone

The brightest star, that twinkles near the throne, 10

Fatigu'd, with fools and flatt'ers in a pet,

Sighs for the stillness of his country seat ;

B 2

While

Quo rem deducam, siquis Deus, En ego, dicat,
 Jam faciam quod vultis : eris tu, qui modo miles,
 Mercator; tu, consultus modo, rusticus : hinc vos,
 Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus : eja,

Quid ! statis ? nolint : atqui licet esse beatis.

[Quid causæ est, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas
 Iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac

Tam facilem dicat, votis ut præbeat aurem ?

Prætereo, ne sic, ut qui jocularia, ridens

Percurram : quanquam ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat ? et pueris olim dant crustula blandi

Doctores, elementa velint ut discere prima.]

Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria ludo.

Ille gravem duro terram qui vertit aratro,

Perfidus hic cautor, miles, nautæque, per omne

Audaces mare qui currunt, hac mente laborem

Sese ferre, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,

Aiunt, cum sibi sint congesta cibaria : sicut

Parvula (nam exemplo est) magni formica laboris

Ore trahit quodcunque potest, atque addit acervo,

Quem struit, haud ignara ac non incauta futuri.

Quæ, simul inversum contristat Aquarius annum,

Non usquam prorepat, & illis utitur ante

Quæsitis,

While gaping Squires, all new to grandeur, swear
No joys are felt but in St. James's air.

What if some gracious Being were inclin'd 15
For once to take these murmurers in the mind?

"You, sir, who late were master of a ship,
"Go to the camp—you, Col'nel, to the deep—
"You, sir, in love with rural ease, retire"—

Not stir! what! rebels to their own desire! 20

Yet (fond delusion!) each, however wide
From reason's rule claims reason on his side.

The Great in place, with titles tinsel'd o'er,
Who toil in courts from thirty to threescore;

They, who reap laurels on the purple plain, 25
Or restless run for treasures o'er the main;

Whatever cares their spring of youth engage,
Provide but for the winter of old age.

"True;" cries Sir *: "the man, who flies from want
"Life's wary maxims copies from the Ant; 30

"Who, grain by grain, still adding to her store,
"Points out the golden moral, **BE NOT POOR.**"

Sir, to apply your instance, let us see
How well these hoarders and some folks agree.

They, soon as wintry vapours chill the air, 35
Think it a sin a single grain to spare;

Not one, I ween, so silly as to fit

Hemm'd round with dainties, and not touch a bit.

Quæsitis, sapiens. Cum te neque fervidus æstus
 Dimoveat lucro, nec hyems, ignis, mare, ferrum,
 Nil obftet tibi, dum ne fit te ditior alter.
 Quid juvat immensum te argenti pondus & auri
 Furtim defossa timidum deponere terra?
 Quod, si comminuas, vilem redigatur ad assem.
 At ni id fit, quid habet pulchri constructus acervus?
 [Millia frumenti tua triverit area centum,
 Non tuus hoc capiet venter plus ac meus: ut si
 Reticulum panis venales inter onusto
 Forte vehas humero, nihilo plus accipias quam
 Qui nil portarit.] Vel dic, quid referat intra
 Naturæ fines viventi, jugera centum, an
 Mille aret? At suave est ex magno tollere acervo,
 Dum ex parvo nobis tantundem haurire relinquo,
 Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria nostris?
 Ut, tibi si sit opus liquidi non amplius urna,
 Vel cyathos; ac dicas, Magno de flumine malim,
 Quam ex hoc fonticulo tantundem sumere. Eo fit,
 Plenior ut fiquos delectet copia iusto,
 Cum ripa simul avulsos ferat Aufidus acer.
 At qui tantuli eget, quantum est opus, is neque limo
 Turbatam haurit aquam, nec vitam amittit in undis.

While wiser thou, no dupe to fancy'd fear
 Of heat, cold, hunger, pains, year after year 40
 Plod'st on unweary'd in the ways of pelf,
 Left there be one more wretched than thyself.

Resolve me then this riddle : To what end
 Serves it to heap the wealth, you never spend ?

" Guinea by guinea take away, 'tis clear 45
 " Mountains of gold in time will disappear."

Alas ! if not ; what joy, tho' sum on sum
 By slow advances tow'r up to a plum ?

Or, if by Nature's laws your views you bound,
 Tell me what real difference will be found, 50

Whether, content with little, you command
 Some twenty acres of paternal land,

Or, rich in regal treasures, call your own
 All that both Indies show'r on BOURBON's throne ?

" O ! but what ecstacy one's grasp t'expand, 55
 " Where sums uncounted meet the op'ning hand !"

Yet why in praise of golden mountains dwell,
 If a small heap allay each want as well ?

To quench his thirst what mortal ever went
 To quaff the streams of Humber, or of Trent ? 60

Happy ! who panting with no vain desires
 Seeks, and but seeks, what Nature's call requires :

He tempts the fury of no floods ; but goes
 Where calm and clear the rill's smooth current flows

At bona pars hominum decepta cupidine falso,

Nil satis est, inquit; quia tanti, quantum habeas, sis.

Quid facias illi? jubeas miseram esse, libenter

Quatenus id facit: Ut quidam memoratur Athenis

Sordidus, ac dives, populi contemnere voces

Sic solitus: Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo

Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.

Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat

Flumina. quid! rides? mutato nomine de te

Fabula narratur. congestis undique faccis

Indormis inhians, & tanquam parcere facris

Cogeris, aut pictis tanquam gaudere tabellis.

Nescis quo valeat nummus? quem præbeat usum?

Panis ematur, olus, vini sextarius; adde,

Quois

From Lombard's Sages hear a soothing song : 65

" The man, who gets, is never in the wrong :

" Would you be follow'd, young ; be rev'renc'd, old ?

" Toil on undaunted, piling gold on gold.

" The needy knave is treated with neglect ;

" He bends to MAMMON, who would court respect."

Weak as this doctrine seems to you and me,

Yet not one flaw can Lombard's Sages see:

Secure each pilfers on without controul,

Lucre's soft nectar trickling on his soul.

See ! thro' the street, a rabble at his heels,

Shov'd, hooted, pointed at, PATRICIO steals:

In vain scoffs, curses, jests provoke his spleen ;

He shrugs, and finds a comforter within.

Chin-deep in water, and stark mad with thirst,

Poor TANTALUS for want of drink is curs'd— 80

You smile—ah Sir ! change but a word or two,

Methinks the story might be told of You.

You, struck with awe, half stupid with amaze,

On consecrated gold devoutly gaze ;

Like the fond zealot, who his All forsook 85

To doat on WHITFIELD with ecstatic look,

Or as some shelf grave connoisseurs behold,

Where men and monkeys grin in Indian mold.

Ask you, what riches give to such as spend ?

Food, raiment ; add, a cordial, and a friend : 90

Besides

Queis humana sibi doleat natura negatis.

An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque

Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,

Ne te compilent fugientes; hoc juvat? horum

Semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum.

At si condoluit tentatum frigore corpus,

Aut alius lecto casus te adfixit; habes qui

Affideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te

Suscitet, ac natis reddat carisque propinquis?

Non uxor saluum te vult, non filius; omnes

Vicini oderunt, noti, pueri atque puellæ.

Miraris, cum tu argento post omnia ponas,

Si nemo præstet, quem non merearis, amorem?

An, si cognatos, nullo natura labore

Quos tibi dat, retinere velis servareque amicos,

Infelix operam perdas; ut si quis asellum

In Campo doceat parentem currere frænis.

Denique sit finis quærendi: cumque habeas plus,

Pauperiem metuas minus; et finire laborem

Incipias,

Besides those nameless comforts, which deny'd,
 Defrauded Nature feels dissatisfy'd.
 If to be ever on the rack of fear;
 To start, turn pale, at ev'ry noise you hear;
 With all about you in continual strife, 95
 Harsh to your servants, peevish to your wife;
 While a long train of dreaded ills conspire
 To break your slumbers; losses, murders, fire:
 If this be to have wealth, ye pow'rs divine,
 Grant, that these precious plagues be never mine! 100

“ Yet may not riches have some secret charm,
 “ When years send sickness, or when pains alarm?
 “ What speedy help from Doctors; always sure
 “ To kill with caution, should they fail to cure?
 “ Wife, kindred, friends by dozens, round you flock
 “ Tears in each eye, and sadness in each look.”

O deeply lost in dirty views, who deem
 That wealth's vile lumber ever bought esteem!
 To fix one friend not all your hoards have pow'r:
 Ev'n in the pangs of death's approaching hour 110
 Each glance, sigh, gasp impatient they attend,
 Glad from some symptom to presage your end:
 Your knell with joy your wife, friends, kindred hear,
 And your last dirge is sung without a tear.
 Let then, dark dreams of poverty away, 115
 Some gleam of comfort gild your closing day:

Or

Incipias, parto quod avebas : ne facias quod
 Ummidius qui tam (non longa est Fabula) dives
 Ut metiretur nummos, ita sordidus ut se
 Non unquam servo melius vestiret, ad usque
 Supremum tempus, ne se penuria victus
 Opprimeret, metuebat : at hunc liberta securi
 Divisit medium, fortissima Tyndariarum.
 Quid mi igitur suades ? ut vivam Mænius, ac sic
 Ut Nomentanus ? Pergis pugnantia secum
 Frontibus adversis componere. non ego, avarum
 Cum veto te fieri, vappam jubeo ac nebulonem.
 Est inter Tanaim quiddam socerumque Viselli :
 Est modus in rebus ; sunt certi denique fines,
 Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.
 Illuc, unde abii, redeo. nemon' ut avarus
 Se probet, ac potius laudet diversa sequentes ?
 Quodque aliena capella gerat distentius uber,
 Tabescat ? neque se majori pauperiorum
 Turbæ comparet ? hunc atque hunc superare laboret ?
 Sic festinanti semper locupletior obstat :
 Ut cum carceribus missos rapit ungula currus,
 Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum
 Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.

Or think, o think!—depending from a thread
 Dangers on dangers tremble o'er your head.
 Why need I hint, what wights, long giv'n to save,
 By sudden deaths have drop'd into the grave? 120
 Gold arms the friend against his patron's life;
 Gold steels the bosom of the traytreſs wife;
 Daughters, as gold and luſt inflame the ſoul,
 Shall point the ponyard, or ſhall drug the bowl.

“ Then by your rule,” his Worſhip ſtaring cries,
 “ In wild profuſion ev'ry virtue lies.” 126

Shall I inſtruct you?—know, who would not ſtray
 From virtue's path muſt keep the middle way;
 Once paſt the bounds, which to the Mean belong,
 This way or that, he ſlides into the wrong. 130

Regard to decency may ſtill be had:
 No need with graceleſs MILO to run mad:
 Each in th' extreme an equal error ſhares,
 The fool, who ſquanders, and the wretch, who ſpares.

Yet not alone is diſcontent confin'd 135
 To av'rice; Grumblers are of ev'ry kind.
 Whatever hopes of figure, fame, or place
 Urge the warm work of life's contended race,
 All, as a rage of conqueſt breathes it's fire,
 Give the looſe rein to every fierce deſire: 140
 With emulation wing'd they ſtrain, they fly,
 Nor heed the loit'ring millions they paſs by.

How

Inde fit, ut raro, qui se vixisse beatum

Dicat, & exacto contentus tempore, vita

Cedat uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.

[Jam satis est : ne me Crispini scrinia lippi

Compilasse putes, verbum non amplius addam.]

How few, like BUTLER, from life's plenteous feast
Rise with the temper of a satiate guest?

Or cry with honest T *, " Let Fortune show'r 145

" On priestly sycophants preferment, pow'r :

" Glut ev'ry slave, good heav'n, with gifts like these!

" Grant me the blessing of a mind at ease."

VER. 143. BUTLER,] late Bishop of Durham.

How few, like Butler, own life's piousness
Kiss with the temper of a latent guilt,
Or cry with honest T. "I am a fortune teller!"
"O gently, prophane, the latent power"
"Gladly I give good news, it will give like itself"
"Grant me the blessing of a mind at ease."
Ver. 11. Butler, Jane Elliot of Durham.

THE
THIRD SATIRE
OF THE
SAME BOOK.

C SATIRE

S A T I R A

III.

OMnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos,

Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,

Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus habebat

Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar, qui cogere posset,

Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non

Quidquam proficeret; si collibuisse, ab ovo

Usque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche, modo summa

Voce, modo hac, resonat quæ chordis quattuor ima.

Nil æquale homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui

Currebat

S A T I R E

III.

A FAULT there is, for which the tuneful herd
 Are fam'd, from FARINELLI down to BEARD:
 Press them, you'd think they never would sing more;
 Unask'd, no hints can teach them to give o'er.

In this one point TIGELLIO would offend, 5

Alike inflexible to foe and friend.

A fav'rite air no eloquence could buy;

Not AMORET could win him to comply:

Let him alone, or catch him in the vein,

He'd trill, and warble in eternal strain. 10

All whimsies in this man conspir'd to meet;

Breathless sometimes he'd flutter down the street;

Now with the pace of one, who bears a pall,

He stalks a staring statue in the mall:

Currebat, fugiens hostem, persæpe velut qui
 Junonis sacra ferret. Habebat sæpe ducentos,
 Sæpe decem servos. Modo Reges, atque Tetrarchas,
 Omnia magna loquens : modo : Sit mihi mensa tri-
 pes, &

Concha salis puri, & toga, quæ defendere frigus,
 Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses
 Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
 Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
 Mane : diem totum stertebat : nil fuit unquam
 Sic impar sibi. Nunc aliquis dicat mihi, Quid tu,
 Nullane habes vitia ? Imo alia, et fortasse minora.
 Mænius absentem Novium cum carperet, Heus tu,
 Quidam ait, ignoras te ? an ut ignotum dare nobis
 Verba putas ? Egomet mi ignosco, Mænius inquit.
 Stultus & improbus hic amor est, dignusque notari.
 Cum tua prætereas oculis male lippus inunctis,
 Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,
 Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius ? at tibi con-
 tra

Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus & illi.

Iracundior

In fustian frock this day the youth behold, 15
 The next he rustles all brocade and gold;
 Lolls in gilt chair, with muff spread o'er his breast,
 And looks — you'd take him for a Lord at least.
 Now hear him damn all riot, all expence:
 " Give me, ye Gods !" he cries, " a competence : 20
 " What tho' plain cloaths, plain linen, be my lot ;
 " So that they keep me warm, it matters not :
 " Let pamper'd peers on eggs of turtle dine,
 " The sob'rer joys of simple fare be mine."
 Should Fortune with a prize this Hermit greet, 25
 In a week's time you'd see him in the Fleet;
 With Saints at DOUGLAS's he'd spend his nights,
 Doze half the day, then dress, and drive to WHITE's.
 Some Wag strait whispers, " You, who thus disclose
 " All blots, are clear of blemish, I suppose." 30
 Not quite so clear ; too many stains I find ;
 Yet most, I trust, are of a venial kind.
 I praise not the pert coxcomb, who attacks
 His friends, the moment they have turn'd their backs ;
 Who, when he's chid, can pass it o'er with ease, 35
 And cry, " Myself I pardon, when I please."
 Yet such mean maxims crouds of Fops approve,
 Lull'd in the lethe of a soft self-love ;
 Blind to their own defects, yet prompt to spy
 Another's failings with an Eagle's eye. 40

Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis
 Naribus horum hominum, rideri possit, eo quod
 Rusticius tonso toga defluit, & male laxus
 In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut melior vir
 Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus; at ingenium
 ingens

Inculto latet hoc sub corpore. Denique teipsum
 Concute, num qua tibi vitiorum inſeverit olim
 Natura, aut etiam consuetudo mala. Namque
 Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.

Illuc prævertamur: amatorem quod amicæ
 Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa hæc
 Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnes.
 Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus; & isti
 Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.

At, pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus amici,
 Si quod sit vitium, non fastidire. Strabonem
 Appellat Pætum pater; & Pullum, male parvus
 Si cui filius est; ut abortivus fuit olim
 Sisyphus: hunc Varum, distortis cruribus; illum
 Balbutit Scaurum, talis fultum male pravis.

Parcius

DECIO a peevishness in talk betrays,
 Foe to the forms of these punctilious days;
 His air, his dress, the roughness of his style
 Would make a Wit of courtly breeding smile:
 Yet sure his merit malice must commend; 45
 He's lib'ral, frank, and one, who loves his friend;
 His sense, by art improv'd, might add a grace
 To some fine fools, who strut in strings and lace.
 You, who officiously no speck will spare,
 Sift your own bosom; is all spotless there? 50
 Has Nature, habit, let no vice take root?
 For thorns and thistles in waste lands will shoot.
 Mark well the men, whom Love's soft passion warms;
 In ev'ry mole they see a thousand charms:
 FULVIA, flat-visag'd, and scarce four feet high, 55
 Trips a light Fairy to MAMILLO's eye;
 And RUSA's voice, tho' strain'd thro' raven throat,
 CRISPUS would swear, exceeds MINGOTTI's note.
 Ah! that with friends our blindness were the same:
 Or why not call it by a gentler name? 60
 Fathers, we find, are not so very nice;
 They kindly throw a veil o'er ev'ry vice.
 A dwarfish brat is christen'd, little Dear!
 Or is he squint-ey'd? what a roguish leer!
 Do his weak hams forbid him to walk strait? 65
 How prettily he waddles in his gait!

Parcius hic vivit ; frugi dicatur. Ineptus
 Et jactantior hic paulo est : concinnus amicis
 Postulat ut videatur. at est truculentior, atque
 Plus æquo liber : simplex fortisque habeatur.
 Caldior est ; acres inter numeretur : opinor,
 Hæc res & jungit, junctos & servat amicos.
 At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus, atque
 Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare. Probus quis
 Nobiscum vivit, multum demissus homo : illi
 Tardo ac cognomen pingui damus. Hic fugit omnes
 Infidias, nullique malo latus obdit apertum,
 Cum genus hoc inter vitæ versetur, ubi acris
 Invidia, atque vigent ubi crimina, pro bene fano
 Ac non incauto, fictum astutumque vocamus.
 Simplicior quis et est (qualem me sæpe libenter
 Obtulerim tibi, Mæcenas,) ut forte legentem
 Aut tacitum adpellat quovis sermone molestus :
 Communi sensu plane caret, inquit. Eheu
 Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam !

Nam

Mucio, you say, is saving midst his store :
 Call it œconomy ; 'tis nothing more.
 The courtly youth, who volatile and vain,
 With ceaseless chat gives all around him pain, 70
 Asks but, of Lords that innocent delight,
 The poor indulgence to be thought polite.
 Is any fierce, impatient of controul ?
 He's nobly steady, and sincere of soul :
 Is he morose ?—a martyr to the spleen : 75
 Too quickly ruffled ?—rank him with the keen.
 Who practice thus can never sure go wrong ;
 These rules make friendships, and maintain them long :
 But we, alas ! not faults alone invade ;
 We fain o'er Virtue's self would cast a shade. 80
 The modest Man, who lives by reason's rule,
 Piso would wink at for a sneaking fool :
 Wise MATIUS balances each word he says,
 Cold and reserv'd, but in his Patron's praise :
 All eyes at once Suspicion's slave rebuke, 85
 And ev'ry boy reads cunning in his look.
 MOLO, who, proud in Attic phrase to speak,
 Shoots, like a porcupine, his scraps of Greek,
 At the first sentence finds a gen'ral sneer :
 Fools ! who such rigid precepts can revere. 90
 Who boasts perfection is no son of earth ;
 Man is ally'd to frailties from his birth.

If

Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur : optimus ille est,
 Qui minimis urgetur. Amicus dulcis, ut æquum
 est,

Cum mea compensat vitiis bona, pluribus hisce,
 (Si modo plura mihi bona sunt) inclinet ; amari
 Si volet : hac lege, in trutina ponetur eadem.

Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum,
 Postulat ; ignoscet verrucis illius. Æquum est,
 Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.

Denique, quatenus excidi penitus vitium iræ,
 Cætera item nequeunt stultis hærentia : cur non
 Ponderibus modulisque suis ratio utitur ; ac res
 Ut quæque est, ita suppliciis delicta coercet ?

Si quis eum servum, patinam qui tollere jussus
 Semesos pisces, tepidumque ligurierit jus,

In cruce suffigat : Labeone insanior inter

Sanos dicatur : quanto hoc furiosius, atque
 Majus peccatum est ? paulum deliquit amicus :

Quod nisi concedas, habere insuavis ; acerbus
 Odisti, & fugis ; ut Rufonem debitor æris :

Qui nisi, cum tristes misero venere Calendæ,

Mercedem aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras
 Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut, audit.

Comminxit lectum potus, mensave catillum

Evandri manibus tritum dejecit : ob hanc rem,

Aut positum ante mea quia pullum in parte catini

Sustulit esuriens, minus hoc jucundus amicus

Sit mihi ? Quid faciam, furtum si fecerit, aut si

Prodiderit

If all have faults, then learn those faults to spare ;
 Happy, who has the fewest to his share !
 The friend, whom candour's milder maxims guide ;
 Curst with no itch of petulance, or pride, 96
 Weighs with the bad the good, and, if he sees
 The last prevail, indulgent leans to these :
 Ah ! little think we, who thus judge, receive
 The same indulgence, they to others give. 100

Or should we grant, in spite of all our pains,
 Some spots of spleen the whitest breast retains,
 Let reason then, the balance in her hand,
 Deal forth the censures diff'rent faults demand.
 Who, but a waspish wronghead at MONROE's, 105
 Would stun a servant with hard words, or blows,
 That negligently answer'd, took the wall,
 Or on a carpet let some malmsey fall ?
 Does he less break the laws of common sense,
 Who shuns his friend for ev'ry slight offence ? 110
 One, whom I long have lov'd, forgets to pay
 A single visit, or mistakes the day,
 Quick in dispute too roughly makes reply,
 Drops a warm word, or darts an eager eye,
 Say ! Shall I vow revenge ? or shall he be 115
 For slips so venial, less esteem'd by me ?
 What could I more to him, who for his ends
 Without a blush can blacken his best friends ?

Tenets

Prodiderit commissa fide, sponsumve negarit ?
 Queis paria esse fere placuit peccata, laborant,
 Cum ventum ad verum est ; sensus moresque repug-
 nant,

Atque ipsa utilitas, justi prope mater & æqui.
 Cum proreperunt primis animalia terris,
 Mutum & turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
 Unguibus & pugnīs, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
 Pugnant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus ;
 Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
 Nominaque invenere : dehinc absistere bello,
 Oppida cœperunt munire, & ponere leges,
 Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter.
 Nam fuit ante Helenam cunnus teterrima belli
 Causa : sed ignotis perierunt mortibus illi,
 Quos Venerem incertam rapientes, more ferarum,
 Viribus editior cædebat, ut in grege taurus.
 Jura inventa metu injusti fateri necesse est,
 Tempora si fastosque velis evolvere mundi.
 Nec natura potest justo secernere iniquum,
 Dividit ut bona diversis, fugienda petendis :

Nec

Tenets so wild with specious pleas to gloss
 Would put ten deep Logicians to a loss ; 120
 Tenets, that coolly canvass'd, we shou'd find,
 Oppose the creed, and practice of mankind,
 Nay shock the gen'ral good, to which we owe
 One half of all that's just or right below.

Time was, when man, with speech, with arts, unblest
 Roam'd the wide world, a two-leg'd staring breast :
 For cave and acorns, by rude instinct taught, 127
 With nails, and fists, and clubs, at first he fought :
 But soon inventive mischief lent her aid
 To wing the jav'lin, or to edge the blade. 130
 To catch the fleeting thought next language came,
 Gave sense to sounds, and fix'd on things a name.
 No longer now all frown'd on all as foes ;
 But cities, guardians of the peace, arose :
 Then justice spoke in helpless Virtue's cause, 135
 And violence and lust restrain'd by laws ;
 For long before the curse of HELEN's charms
 Beauty had fir'd the reas'ning race to arms ;
 But all, all fell, their names not grac'd by song,
 The weak, the passive victims of the strong. 140
 'Tis from this source one certain truth we draw,
 On dread of injury is founded law.
 Nature, at least what's nature now a-days,
 Too slight a barrier against crimes would raise,
 And

Nec vincet ratio hoc, tantumdem ut peccet, idemq;
 Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horti,
 Et qui nocturnus sacra Divum legerit. [Adsit
 Regula, peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas :
 Ne scutica dignum, horribili sectere flagello.
 Nam, ut ferula cædas meritum majora subire
 Verbera, non vereor ; cum dicas esse pares res,
 Furta latrociniiis, & magnis parva mineris ;
 Falce recisurum simili te, si tibi regnum
 Permittant homines. Si dives qui sapiens est,
 Et futor bonus, & solus formosus, & est rex ;
 Cur optas quod habes ? Non nosti quid pater, inquit,
 Chrysippus dicat : Sapiens crepidas sibi nunquam
 Nec soleas fecit : futor tamen est sapiens. Qui ?
 Ut, quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque
 Optimus est modulator : ut Alfenus vafer, omni
 Abiecto instrumento artis, clausaque taberna,
 Tonfor erat : sapiens operis, sic optimus omnis

Est

And reason hints, some diff'rence lies between 145
 Those, who at FANNIA's toilet have been seen,
 And the vile few, whom frantic lust has led
 To stain a sister's or a daughter's bed.
 On such let Satire spend her keenest dart,
 Or to sharp feelings wake th' adult'rer's heart. 150
 See fell Corruption quench the spark divine,
 That gives the patriot, or the chief, to shine!
 See Irreligion lift the taunting eye,
 Proud of the plumes of mock philosophy!
 Around her footstool various vot'ries throng, 155
 Here flutter fragments, and there flits a song:
 HUME with a leer presents the motley page,
 Trick'd with the tinsel of each sceptic age.
 Her front bold Blasphemy at A**'s rears;
 Behind her Suicide's wan form appears. 160
 Ah! then no more a war with phantoms wage,
 But pour on these the tempest of your rage,
 Till shameless wretches, who all laws deride,
 Each giant son of passion, pow'r, and pride,

[VER. 149.] The concluding ridicule of the stoic philosophy being incapable of a modern application, the IMITATOR has taken the liberty of substituting some lines more relative to present manners.

From

Est opifex solus sic rex. Vellunt tibi barbam
 Lascivi pueri: quos tu nisi fuste coerces,
 Urgeris turba circum te stante, miserque
 Rumperis & latras, magnorum maxime regum.
 Ne longum faciam; dum tu quadrante lavatum
 Rex ibis; neque te quisquam stipator ineptum
 Præter Crispinum sectabitur, et mihi dulces
 Ignoscent, si quid peccaro stultus, amici,
 Inque vicem illorum patiar delicta libenter;
 Privatufque magis vivam te rege beatus.]

From the rank Tenant of the sensual fly, 165
To the rash Brave, who dares heav'ns bolts defy,
From Tools in pay, to Tyrants in command,
All, all be swept, like locusts, from the land.

THIRD SATIRE

SECOND BOOK

D

THE

THIRD SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK.

D 2 SATIRE

S A T I R A

III.

SIC raro scribis, ut toto non quater anno
 Membranam poscas, scriptorum quæq; retexens;
 Iratus tibi, quod vini somnique benignus
 Nil dignum sermone canas. Quid fiet? ab ipsis
 Saturnalibus huc fugisti. Sobrius ergo
 Dic aliquid dignum promissis : incipe : nil est.
 Culpantur frustra calami; immeritusque laborat
 Iratis natus paries Dis atque poetis,
 Atqui vultus erat multa & præclara minantis,
 Si vacuum tepido cepisset villula tecto,
 Quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona Menandro!
 Eupolin, Archilochum, comites educere tantos?
 Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta?

Contemnere

SATIRE

III.

NO poem in the press? a twelvemonth's past, 1

Since you oblig'd the critics with your last.

Why now in this still silence don't you write;

Here, where no noises put the muse to flight?

'Tis all in vain; alas! 'twill never do; 5

College and Town are just alike to you.

In looks you told us quite another thing:

What raptures, visions, rural scenes would bring!

Where are those talents, which could once so please?

That fire of fancy, and that grace of ease? 10

Scar'd at the phantom of invidious fame

Will you at once all excellence disclaim?

Adieu those pæans of poetic praise,

That hail the bard in his triumphant days!

Contemnere miser. Vitanda est improba Siren
 Desidia : aut quidquid vita meliore parasti,
 Ponendum æquo animo. Di te, Damasippe, Deæq;
 Verum ob consilium donent tonsore. Sed unde
 Tam bene me nosti? Postquam omnis res mea Janum
 Ad medium fracta est, aliena negotia curo,
 Excussus propriis. Olim nam quærere amabam,
 Quo vaser ille pedes lavisset Sisyphus ære :
 Quid sculptum infabre, quid fustum durius esset.
 Callidus huic signo ponebam millia centum :
 Hortos egregiasque domos mercarier unus
 Cum lucro noram. Unde frequentia Mercuriali
 Imposuere mihi cognomen compita. Novi,
 Et morbi miror purgatum te illius. Atqui
 Emovit veterem mire novus, ut solet, in cor
 Trajecto lateris miseri capitisque dolore :
 Ut lethargicus hic cum sit pugil, & medicum urget.
 Dum ne quid simile huic, esto ut lubet, O bone,
 ne te
 Frustrere, insanis & tu, stultique prope omnes,
 Si quid Stertinius veri crepat : unde ego mira

Descripti

I see, I see you sinking to disgrace, 25

The veriest Saunt' rer of the rhyming race.

Sir! Spare your wonder, tho' I may extend

Something too far the freedom of a friend.

All, who have got no bus'ness of their own,

Will never let another man's alone; 30

And, to confess my failing, as I ought,

A meddling humour ever was my fault.

I heard, when FLAVIA held her noisy nights,

Who last by Sharpers was undone at WHITE's:

Then, as the itch of news past o'er, 'twas mine 35

'Mong wits and dangles in vertu to shine;

All painters, by their styles I knew to trace;

This LELY's languish, and that KNELLER's grace.

By me unprais'd no play could please the town,

No farce be heard, no pantomime go down: 40

Sir! in a word to sum my follies past,

I sell a victim to that thing, a taste.

Ask you, whence came the cure? a common case,

To a new malady the old gave place:

Just as a melancholic at MONROE's 45

Leaps up a BROUGHTON, and deals round his blows,

Cuffs, kicks—'hold! hold! I grant, whate'er you say,

'So that your frenzy work not the same way;'

Soft! my good friend! have patience, and you'll find

One common madness has possess'd mankind. 50

Descripsi docilis præcepta hæc, tempore quo me
 Solatus jussit sapientem pascere barbam,
 Atque a Fabricio non tristem ponte reverti.
 Nam male re gesta cum vellem mittere operto
 Me capite in flumen, dexter stetit: & cave faxis
 Te quidquam indignum: pudor, inquit, te malus angit,
 Insanos qui inter vereare insanus haberi.
 Prænum nam inquiram, quid sit furere: hoc si erit in te
 Solo, nil verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam.
 Quem mala stultitia & cujusque inscitia veri
 Cæcum agit, insanum Chryssippi porticus & grex
 Autumat. Hæc populos, hæc magnos formula reges,
 Excepto sapiente tenet. Nunc accipe quare
 Desipiant omnes, æque ac tu, qui tibi nomen
 Insano posuere. Velut silvis, ubi passim
 Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
 Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit: unus utrique
 Error, sed variis illudit partibus. Hoc te
 Crede modo insanum, nihilo ut sapientior ille,
 Qui te deridet, caudam trahat. Est genus unum
 Stultitiæ, nihilum metuenda timentis: ut ignes,
 Ut rupes, fluviosque in campo obitare queratur.
 Alterum & huic varium, & nihilo sapientius, ignes
 Per medios fluviosque ruentis. clamet amica
 Mater, honesta soror, cum cognatis, pater, uxor:
 Hic fossa est ingens, hic rupes maxima: serva:
 Non magis audierit, quam Fufius ebrius olim,
 Cum Ilionam edormit, Catienis mille ducentis,
 Mater te appello, clamantibus. huic ego vulgus.
 Errori similem cunctum insanire docebo.
 Insanit veteres statuas Damasippus emendo:
 Integer est mentis Damasippi creditor? esto,

Accipe,

As, self-devoted, in suspense I stood,
 Where London's arches stretch o'er Thames's flood,
 Before my sight an unknown person came—
 What ! die a martyr to a foolish shame,
 (He cry'd) weak trifer, who canst want the face
 To live a wronghead 'mid a wronghead race !
 But first, what rightly we call madness, hear ;
 Who, deaf to truth, to folly lend an ear,
 Down from the monarch to the peasant, claim
 An equal title to the madman's name, 50
 No difference, if once wide of reason's road :
 Ev'n as two men bewilder'd in a wood ;
 Tho' error each may variously betray,
 Alike both deviate from the beaten way.
 The solemn coxcomb, who at THURIO sneers, 55
 No less deserves the fool's cap and long ears.

See, deeply gone, the col'nel and his brother,
 Yet each assigns all Bedlam to the other.
 This frail of texture, delicate of taste,
 Nauseates all bus'ness, shrinks at ev'ry blast : 60
 That, turbulent of soul, life's social charms
 Slights for the danger and the din of arms ;
 Thro' flood, thro' flame, he rushes, free from fears,
 Bold, tho' a batt'ry thunder in his ears.
 For coins and busts if SILIUS ran stark mad, 65
 The fool, who sold the baubles, was as bad.

See

Accipe, quod nunquam reddas mihi, si tibi dicam :

Tunc insanus eris, si acceperis ? an magis excors.

Rejecta praeda, quam praesens Mercurius fert ?

Scribe decem a Nerio, non est satis : adde Cicutæ

Nodosi tabulas, centum mille adde catenas :

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.

Cum rapies in jus malis ridentem alienis ;

Fiet aper, modo avis, modo saxum, & cum volet arbor.

Si male rem gerere insani est ; contra, bene sani :

Putidius multo cerebrum est (mihi crede) Perilli,

Dictantis quod tu nunquam rescribere possis.

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere ; quisquis

Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore :

Quisquis luxuria tristive superstitione,

Aut allo-mentis morbo calet. Huc propius me,

Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.

Danda est ellebori multo pars maxima avaris :

Nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.

Hæredes Staberi summam incidere sepulcro ;

Ni sic fecissent, gladiatorum dare centum

Damnati populo paria, atque epulum, arbitrio Arri, &

Frumenti quantum metit Africa. Sive ego prave,

Seu recte hoc volui, ne sis patruus mihi. Credo

Hoc

See soft Sir CHARLES with debts, with suits, fenc'd
round,

HOARE comes, and offers him a thousand pound;

He takes the money without more ado:

Which is the greater ninny of the two? 70

Nay, should he tie him with all forms of law,

Add bond on bond, on contract contract draw,

Parchment and wax can never such engage,

Learn'd in loose tricks, as WOODWARD on the stage.

Just as he holds him in a fast embrace, 75

A bankrupt witling stares him in the face:

Vexation, cost, is all the cully gains,

And, what's still worse, he's laugh'd at for his
pains.

Ye, who are led by lucre's low desires,

Or furious madden with fanatic fires, 80

Who in a court's bright circle pant to move,

Vassals to luxury, or slaves to love,

Whate'er the soul's disease, my speech attend,

And see in madness all your follies end!

Of misers first behold a motley crew! 85

Peers, priests, directors, throng before my view.

Lo! a vain wretch, to make his treasures known,

With boasted millions marks the parian stone:

Another ere he dies, bequeaths his store

To glut with lavish legacies the poor. 90

What

Hæc Staberi prudentem animum vidisse—quid ergo
 Sensit, cum summam patrimoni insculpere saxo
 Hæredes voluit? quoad vixit, credidit ingens
 Pauperiem vitium, & cavit nihil acius: ut si
 Forte minus locuples uno quadrante perisset,
 Ipse videretur sibi nequior; omnis enim res,
 Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque pulchris
 Divitiis parent; quas qui construxerit, ille
 Clarus erit, fortis, justus, sapiens ne? etiam, & rex,
 Et quidquid volet; hoc veluti virtute paratum,
 Speravit magnæ laudi fore. Quid simile isti
 Græcus Aristippus? qui servos projicere aurum
 In media jussit Libya, quia tardius irent
 Propter onus segnes. Uter est infanior horum?
 Nil agit exemplum litem quod lite resolvit.
 Si quis emat citharas, emtas comportet in unum;
 Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli;
 Si scalpra & formas non sutor, nautica vela
 Averfus mercaturis; delirus & amens
 Undique dicatur merito. Quî discrepat istis
 Qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti
 Compositis, metuensque velut contingere sacrum?

Si

What made old LUPUS pilfer, cheat, oppress?
 'Twas that some church his memory might bless :
 A wretch forsake his wife, expel his son ?
 What—but, to build a college, when he's gone.
 And where's the wonder ? it had ever been 95
 Their creed, that's poverty's a crying sin :
 With them all worth, things human and divine,
 Fame, honour, virtue, bow at MAMMON's shrine:
 Thro' court, thro' city, grateful pæans ring,
 The money'd man is saint, sage, hero, king ; 100
 No one so sure to live to times to come,
 As who on gold's bright base erects his tomb.

A diff'rent frenzy fully'd S * * 's days,
 And cast a cloud o'er C * * 's parting rays:
 Yon trees, whose leafy twine has long been seen,
 With circling rows to darken all the green,
 To please some giddy wife, or harpy whore,
 Shall spread their hospitable shade no more.

What if a man, stone deaf of either ear,
 Should hire a whole orchestra by the year: 110
 A man, who shudders but to see the deep,
 Barter a goodly manor for a ship :
 As dull a rogue as MORIO's self would see
 That this were madness in the first degree.
 Not a whit wiser that sage Cit I hold, 115
 Who monthy piles up pyramids of gold,

Yet

Si quis ad ingentem frumenti semper acervum
 Porrectus vigilet cum longo fuste, neque illinc
 Audeat esuriens dominus contingere granum,
 Ac potius foliis parcus vescatur amaris :
 Si positis intus Chii veterisque Falerni
 Mille cadis ; (nihil est, tercentum millibus) acre
 Potet acetum : age, si & stramentis incubet, unde
 Octoginta annos natus, cui stragula vestis,
 Blattarum ac tinearum epulæ, putrescat in arca :
 Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod
 Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.
 Filius aut etiam hæc libertus ut ebibat hæres,
 Diis inimice senex, custodis, ne tibi desit ?
 Quantulum enim summæ curtabit quisque dierum,
 Ungere si caules oleo meliore, caputque
 Cœperis impexa fœdum porrigine ? quare
 Si quidvis satis est, perjuras, furripis, aufers
 Undique ? Tun' sanus ? [Populum si cedere saxis
 Incipias servosque tuo, quos ære pararis ;
 Insanum te omnes pueri clamantque puellæ.
 Cum laqueo uxorem interimis, matremque veneno,
 Incolumi capite es ? quid enim ? neque tu hoc facis
 Argis,
 Nec ferro, ut demens genitricem occidis Orestes,
 An tu reris eum occisa insanisse parente,
 Ac non ante malis dementem actum Furiis, quam
 In matris jugulo ferrum tepefecit acutum ?
 Quin ex quo est habitus male tutæ mentis Orestes,
 Nil sane fecit quod tu reprehendere possis,
 Non Pyladen ferro violare aususve sororem
 Electram : tantum maledicit utrique vocando
 Hanc furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis.]
 Pauper Opimius argenti positi intus & auri,
 Qui Vejentanum festis potare diebus
 Campana solitus trulla, vappamque profestis ;
 Quondam

Yet loth to break a guinea of his pelf,
As * the coins, that rust upon his shelf.

Observe what comforts wealth's vast heaps afford
To him whom half a county calls it's lord : 120
His house thro' clefts and chinks, above, below,
Sings to the whistle of all winds, that blow :
His board no salutary furloins grace,
But wat'ry soups, four herbs supply their place.
How would his worship in a maze appear, 125
Did reason waft these sayings in his ear !

If what already you possess exceeds
By eightscore thousand nature's utmost needs,
Why do you labour to augment your store ;
Why still defraud the rich, oppress the poor ; 130
In life's decline why ev'ry joy forsake,
Your mind, your body, ever on the rack ?
What now with constant care and piddling pains
By drop and drop you gather to your gains,
Your heirs ungovern'd bounty may command 135
In copious tides to stream o'er half the land.

Once on a time—no matter, when, or where—
There liv'd a knight, whose wisdom was to spare ;
Tho' deep in all the dirt of treasur'd store,
In his own mind he was extremely poor ; 140
Had you but seen him dine, you would have thought
A man so temp'rate was not worth a groat :

A le-

Quondam lethargo grandi est oppressus, ut hæres ?

Jam circum loculos & claves lætus ovanisque

Curreret. Hunc medicus multum celer atque fidelis

Excitat hoc pacto, mensam poni jubet, atque

Effundi saccos nummorum, accedere plures

Ad numerandum, hominem sic erigit, addit & illud :

Ni tua custodis, avidus jam hæc auferet hæres.

Men' vivo ? Ut vivas igitur, vigila : hoc age. Quid vis ?

Deficient inopem venæ te, ni cibus atque

Ingens accedat stomacho fultura ruenti.

Tu cessas ? agedum : sume hoc ptisanarium oryzae.

Quanti emtum ? Parvo. Quanti ergo ? Octussibus.

Eheu !

Quid refert, morbo, an furtis peream, anne rapinis ?

Quisnam igitur sanus ? Qui non stultus. Quid avarus ?

Stultus & insanus. Quid ? si quis non sit avarus,

Continuo sanus ? Minime. Cur, Stoice ? Dicam.

Non est cardiacus (Craterum dixisse putato)

Hic æger : Recte est igitur, surgetque ? Negabit :

Quod

A lethargy rewards his frugal pains,
 And life's last spirit creeps along his veins.
 The Doctor with a death-denouncing face 145
 Feels his slow pulse, and puzzles o'er his case :
 When, as 'tis said, the God of med'cine near
 Whisper'd a freakish nostrum in his ear.
 A minute lost, all help might prove too late—
 Sudden doors clap, keys rattle, hinges grate. 150
 The sluggard half betray'd into surprize,
 Lifts from their lids his long-imprison'd eyes :
 Up! up! (the Doctor roars aloud) behold
 Your son this moment master of your gold!
 "What, while I live!" live fir! unless you take 155
 Some cordial, you will never keep awake:
 Here, drink this mixture; I pronounce it good
 To stir, to stimulate, the laziest blood.
 "Bless me! a pint—kind heav'n! what will it cost?"
 No matter—a few shillings at the most. 160
 "Alas! how differs it, so I'm undone,
 "Whether by death, the Doctor, or my son?"
 "What, if no miser? he's, I trust, quite clear
 'Of all reproach,' No. 'Scandal!' you shall hear.
 Eas'd of the throbbings of a fev'rish heat 165
 Does ever Patient think his cure compleat?
 Should he presume on such pretence to stir,
 The Doctor with good reason might demur,

E

And

Quod latus aut renes morbo tententur acuto.
 Non est perjurus, neque fordidus; Immolet æquis
 Hic porcum Laribus; Verum ambitiosus & audax;
 Naviget Anticyram. Quid enim differt, barathrone
 Dones quidquid habes, an nunquam utare paratis?
 Servius Oppidius Canusi duo prædia dives
 Antiquo censu, natis divisse duobus
 Fertur, & hoc moriens pueris dixisse vocatis
 Ad lectum: Postquam te talos, Aule, nucesque
 Ferre sinu laxo, donare, & perdere vidi;
 Te, Tiberi, numerare, cavis abscondere tristem;
 Extimui, ne vos ageret vesania discors:
 Tu Nomentanum, tu ne sequerere Cicutam.
 Quare per divos oratus uterque Penates,
 Tu cave ne minuas, tu ne majus facias id,
 Quod satis esse putat pater, & natura coercet.
 Præterea ne vos titillet gloria, jure—
 Jurando obstringam ambo: uter ædilis fuerit, vel
 Vestrum prætor; is intestabilis & sacer esto.

And tell him, tho' from heat he felt no pain;
Some latent malady might still remain. 170

Sir *, I grant you, never was profuse;
Is then all Satire on Sir * abuse?
Believe me, each an equal madness shares;
The fool, who squanders, and the wretch, who spares.

SERVIVS, inform'd of his approaching end, 175
Sent for his sons; his sons with tears attend.

'AULUS! whene'er observant of your play
I've seen you trifle all your toys away,
With silent sorrow I would then presage
The wild profusion of your riper age: 180

While you, TIBERIUS, ever counting o'er
Your baubles, watchful to conceal your store,
Vers'd in the trade of little tricks, have brought
PATRICIO's cautious virtues to my thought.

Then, as ye dread a parent's curse to bear, 185
Be moderation to ye both a care:

To add to what I give, or take away,
To this or that extreme will each betray.

And, o! may no vain prospects taint your mind
To court the mad applauses of mankind: 190

Tho' wond'ring senates hail a CURIO's name,
Must you be candidates for public fame?

Yet should ye be content for hopes like these
To forfeit pleasure, conscience, health, and ease,

In cicere, atque faba, bona tu perdasque lupinis,
 Latus ut in circo spatiere, & aëneus ut stes :
 Nudus agris, nudus nummis, insane, paternis ?
 Scilicet ut plausus, quos fert Agrippa, feras tu,
 Astuta ingenuum vulpes imitata leonem ?
 Nunc, age, Luxuriam & Nomentanum arripe mecum :
 Vincet enim stultos ratio insanire nepotes.
 Hic simul accepit patrimoni mille talenta,
 Edicit, piscator uti, pomarius, auceps,
 Unguentarius, ac Tusci turba impia vici,
 Cum scurris fartor, cum Velabro omne macellum
 Mane domum veniant. Quid tum ? venire frequentes.
 Verba facit leno : Quidquid mihi, quidquid & horum
 Cuique domi est, id crede tuum : & vel nunc pete,
 vel cras.

Accipe quid contra juvenis responderit æquus :
 In nive Lucana dormis ocreatus, ut aprum
 Cœnem ego : tu pisces hiberno ex æquore verris :
 Segnis ego, indignus qui tantum possideam, aufer ;
 Sume tibi decies : tibi tantundem : tibi triplex,
 Unde uxor media currat de nocte vocata.

Filius

Go ! fight thro' factions for the common weal, 195
 Touch'd with the fire of more than Roman zeal :
 For what ? like * * *, or *, to boast
 The dirty wages of some venal post ;
 Perhaps but Servingmen of second rate,
 Poor passive puppets of some slave of state ? 200

To scenes of riot hot-ey'd COMUS calls,
 And points to * * 's ever-reeking walls.
 Scarce to his Heir CECILIO's death was known,
 When the glad omen ran thro' all the town.
 That day beholds the Youth encompass'd round 205
 With crouds for sensual sciences renown'd ;
 All, who in Gallic arts were heard to shine,
 Read in the relish of soup, sauce, or wine :
 His lordship dimpled o'er with smiles appears,
 One ceaseless peal of flatt'ry in his ears. 210

Hail matchless peer ! whom scarce to manhood grown
 Exulting Luxury claims all her own :
 For you all seasons in their turns prepare
 Fish, fruit, and fowl, from ocean, earth, and air ;
 Suns for your use, beneath the burning line, 215
 Teach the ripe grape to redden into wine ;
 For you the reed it's luscious nectar boasts,
 And ready winds waft fragrance to our coasts.

VER. 201.] The frenzy of AGAMEMNON seemeth to
 have little to do with modern manners.

Filius Æsopi detractam ex aure Metellæ
 (Scilicet ut decies solidum exforberet) aceto
 Diluit insignem baccam : qui sanior, ac si
 Illud idem in rapidum flumen jaceretve cloacam ?
 Quinti progenies Arri, par nobile fratrum,
 Nequitia & nugis pravorum & amore gemellum,
 Luscinias soliti impenso prandere coemtas :
 Quorsum abeant ? sanin ? creta an carbone notandi ?
 Ædificare casas, plostello adjungere mures,
 Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longa,
 Si quem delectet barbatum ; amentia verset.
 Si puerilius his ratio esse evincet amare,
 Nec quidquam differre, utrumne in pulvere, trimus
 Quale prius, ludas opus, an meretricis amore
 Sollicitus plores : quæro, faciasne quod olim
 Mutatus Polemo ? ponas insignia morbi,
 Fasciolas, cubital, focalia ; potus ut ille
 Dicitur ex collo furtim carpisse coronas,
 Postquam est impransi correptus voce magistri ?

Porrigis

Yet for the Great, who nature's bounds exceed,
 Birth, figure, fortune some excuse may plead ;
 Heav'ns ! shall a Player's or Musician's board,
 Affect the dainties of a pamper'd Lord !
 Shall ghostly Fathers their ambition place
 In reaching niceties, that touch his Grace ;
 On frogs the pow'rs of transmutation try, 225
 Or melt down half a shambles in a pie ;
 Teach fruits, and herbs, that July only knows,
 To shoot and ripen in December snows !

What if some Benchers, learned in the law,
 Should mix with children at the game of taw ; 230
 Or with long wig, broad band, and dangling gown
 Pois'd on a beam dance see-saw up and down :
 Would you not send him to Moorfields for cure ?
 Why then love's rattles patiently endure ?
 For once a slave to folly in what fort 235
 You act your part, it little can import,
 Whether on jilts you throw yourself away,
 Or vent your vanities in childish play.

Go, if you can, and imitate the Youth,
 Whom Attic eloquence could win to truth ! 240
 The silent vouchers of the Fop resign,
 The muff, the fringe, the feather and pantine ;
 Resign the modish trip, the careless air,
 The lady simper, and patrician stare,

Porrigis irato puero cum poma ; recusat.
 Sume, catelle : negat : si non des ; optat. Amator
 Exclusus qui distat ? agit ubi secum, eat an non,
 Quo rediturus erat non arcessitus, & hæret
 Invisis foribus. Ne nunc, cum me vocat ultro,
 Accedam ? an potius mediter finire dolores ?
 Exclusit ; revocat : redeam ? non si obsecret. Ecce
 Servus non paulo sapientior. O Here ; quæ res
 Nec modum habet neque consilium, ratione modoque
 Tractari non vult. In amore hæc sunt mala : bellum ;
 Pax rursus. Hæc si quis tempestatis prope ritu
 Mobilia, & cæca fluitantia sorte, laboret
 Reddere certa sibi, nihilo plus explicet, ac si
 Insanire paret certa ratione modoque.
 Quid ? cum Picenis excerpens femina pomis
 Gaudes, si cameram percusti forte ; penes te es ?
 Quid ? cum balba feris annoso verba palato ;
 Ædificante casas qui sanior ? adde cruorem
 Stultitiæ, atque ignem gladio scrutare. modo, inquam,
 Hellade percussa Marius cum præcipitat se ;
 Cerritus fuit, an commotæ crimine mentis
 Absolves hominem, & sceleris damnabis eundem,
 Ex more imponens cognata vocabula rebus ?
 Libertinus erat qui circum compita ficcus,
 Lautis mane senex manibus currebat : & unum,
 Quid tam magnum ? addens, unum me surpите morti ;
 Diis etenim facile est, orabat ; sanus utrisque
 Auribus atque oculis : mentem, nisi ligitiosus,
 Exciperet dominus, cum venderet. Hoc quoque vulgus
 Chrysippus ponit sæcunda in gente Menenî.
 Jupiter, ingentes qui das adimisque dolores,

To still a froward child you proffer cake, 245
 You thrust it in his mouth, he spits it back ;
 You coak, beseech him, cry, my dear !—in vain ;
 Go ! and he clamours to be teaz'd again,
 Just so perverse is ev'ry man in love ;
 Prince, Peer, and 'Prentice equal whimsies move :
 FLAVIO, sad dupe ! discarded o'er and o'er, 251
 Crawls, like a slow-pac'd snail, on FANNIA's door :
 Should she relent, or whisper, " by-and-by,"
 That minute he would give himself the lye :
 " A jilt ! what, bear this insult ; shall I be 255
 " Fool'd like Sir * * ? no ; she fools not me."
 Alas ! SHAW's chemic skill too weak would prove
 To fix the moving mercury of love :
 Successive changes rule the whining race,
 Now prone to fight, now eager to embrace. 260
 From dreams these draw predictions, those shall find
 Despair or comfort with the varying wind.
 How many to their deaths by duels run ?
 By pox and philtre thousands are undone :
 Others, more mad, in life's fair-op'ning bloom 265
 Rush in a jealous tempest to the tomb.

Such are love's whimsies : but can words explain
 The whirling windmills of th' Enthusiast's brain ?
 To merit heav'n a man shall slight his wife,
 And high-born Heirs grow weary of this life. 270

Does

Mater ait pueri menses jam quinque cubantis,
 Frigida si puerum quartana reliquerit, illo
 Mane die, quo tu indicis jejunia nudus
 In Tiberi stabit. casus medicusve levarit
 Ægrum ex præcipiti; mater delira necabit
 In gelida fixum ripa, febrimque reducet.
 Quone malo mentem concussa? timore Deorum,
 Hæc mihi Stertinius sapientum octavus amico
 Arma dedit, posthac ne compellarer inultus.
 Dixero insanum qui me, totidem audiet, atque
 Respicere ignoto discet pendentia tergo.
 Stoice, (post damnum sic vendas omnia pluri)
 Qua me stultitia (quoniam non est genus unum)
 Insanire putas? ego nam videor mihi sanus.
 Quid? caput abscissum manibus cum portat Agave
 Nati infelicis, sibi tum furiosa videtur?
 Stultum me fateor (liceat concedere veris)
 Atque etiam insanum: tantum hoc edissere, quo me
 Ægrotare putes animi vitio. Accipe: primum
 Ædificas: hoc est, longos imitaris, ab imo
 Ad summum totus moduli bipedalis: & idem
 Corpore majorem rides Turbonis in armis
 Spiritum & incessum. Qui ridiculus minus illo?
 An quodcunque facit Mæcenas, te quoque verum est,
 Tantum dissimilem, & tanto certare minorem?
 [Absentis ranae pullis vituli pede pressis
 Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat ut ingens
 Bellua cognatos eliserit. Illa rogare,
 Quantane? num tantum, sufflans se, magna fuisset?
 Major dimidio. Num tantum? cum magis atque
 Se magis inflaret; non, si te ruperis, inquit,
 Par eris. hæc a te non multum abludit imago.]
 Adde Poemata nunc; hoc est, oleum adde camino;
 Quæ si quis sanus fecit, sanus facis & tu.

Non

Does Zeal waft WHITFIELD o'er the western seas ?
 Youth quits his pleasures, Age resigns his ease,
 Happy with him to roam o'er pathless lands,
 Scorch'd by fierce suns, or wrapt in circling sands.

Thus my Preserver arm'd me to engage 275
 The sland'rous Pests, the ETROUGHS of the age.
 Yes; unreveng'd no insult will I bear :
 Hear all, and learn another's faults to spare !

' Sage Sir, whose eyes each mental flaw can see,
 ' Tell, for you know, what follies rage in me ; 280
 ' For tho' I own some failings, yet I find
 ' Not the least symptom of a desp'rate mind.'

Alas ! no more did the right lib'ral Peer,
 Who lent out pence at int'rest by the Year.
 First then, without court-breeding or estate 285
 You take a pride to emulate the Great :
 Your speech, bespangled with exotic words,
 Hints, you keep company with none but Lords.
 Is building mention'd ? strait you babble o'er
 The frieze Corinthian, the Venetian door, 290
 The dome, the colonade—the Ladies gaze,
 And Squires, and Beaus sit gaping with amaze,
 And next—' Stop ! Stop ! ' that fritt'rer of your time
 The itch of prose, or, worse ! the itch of rhyme ;
 The poor ambition to bear first away 295
 The lye, and spread the scandal of the day,

Droppings

Non dico horrendam rabiem ; (jam define) cultum
 Majorem censu, (teneas Damasppe tuis te)
 Mille puellarum, puerorum mille furores.
 O major tandem parcas insane minori.

(61)

Droppings of Lords, Wits, Actors—whom you will—
Of Duchesses surpriz'd in dishabille ;
Besides—' enough ! enough ! reserve your pains
' For better Fools, your W * * ys, and R * * s.'

(61)

Drooping of limbs, With, Aches—when you are—
Of Dumbness, begins in children;
Hebber—enough, enough, relate your story
For faster food, your W. and R. * * *

SEVENTH DAY

SEVENTH DAY

SATIRE
SATIRAS
THE
SEVENTH SATIRE

OF THE
SAME BOOK.

SATIRE

S A T I R A

VII.

J A M dudum ausculto, & cupiens tibi dicere servus
 Pauca, reformido. Davusne ? Ita, Davus, amicum
 Mancipium domino, & frugi, quod sit satis : hoc est,
 Ut vitale putes. Age, libertate Decembri
 (Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere : narra.
 Pars hominum vitiis gaudet constanter, & urget
 Propositum : pars multa natat ; modo recta ca-
 pessens ;
 Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus

Cum

S A T I R E

VII.

DEAR * * ! for a frolic think you see
 The days of Saturnalian liberty:
 Behold a Brother of the liv'ryd race
 Step forth, the leer of licence on his face—
 'Dread sir ! in spite of all you think, or say, 5
 'Tis I must be the master of To-day :
 I feel that spirit, which has slept too long,
 And Truth just starting trembles on my tongue.
 Yes ; I will now uncheck'd, unaw'd, declare
 What inconsistent things my Betters are ; 10
 Some few indeed go on, as they begin,
 The same thro' life, no Hypocrites in sin ;
 Most by the varying current driv'n along
 By fits incline to right, by fits to wrong.

F

Go,

Cum tribus annellis, modo læva Priscus inani,
 Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas :
 Ædibus ex magnis subito se conderet, unde
 Mundior exiret vix libertinus honeste :

Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
 Vivere ; Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis.
 Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi iusta chiragra
 Contudit articulos ; qui pro se tolleret, atque
 Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurna
 Conductum pavit : quanto constantior idem
 In vitiis ; tanto levius miser, ac prior ille,
 Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.
 Non dices hodie, quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt,
 Furcifer ? Ad te, inquam. Quo pacto, pessime ?

Laudas

Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis, & idem,
 Si quis ad illa Deus subito te agat, usque recuses :
 Aut quia non sentis, quod clamas, rectius esse ;
 Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis, & hæres,
 Nequicquam coeno cupiens evellere plantam.

Romæ

Go, visit FLORIO ! find me, if you can, 15

A fix'd criterion how to know the man :

Strange something, nothing ! Sure each planet join'd
To form that motley mixture of a mind :

One week quite plain ; the next you see him come

All silk and essence to the drawing room : 20

Sometimes in deep discourse with sound divines,

That very day with AMORET he dines.

Not thus old RUSSO ; constant to the last,

(Steel'd to the sense of ev'ry folly past,)

Still to the board he crawls ; with busy eye 25

This way and that sees shifting treasures fly,

Catches the die, quick-glancing, as they fall,

And marks the motion of the whirling ball.

Sure of all fools less wretched will be found

Who run off vice the same unvary'd round, 30

Than who, for ever with themselves at strife,

Dance up and down, mere see-saw all their life.

“ Rogue ! I've no patience : why this trash to me ?

“ Am I like FLORIO ? ” sweet sir ! you shall see.

Who more than you with zealous warmth admires 35

The saving virtues of our frugal fires ?

Yet should some Being in pure pity show

Times, as they were, three centuries ago,

You'd feel, a month or two in trial past,

That modern manners better hit your taste. 40

Romæ rus optas, absentem rusticus urbem
 Tollis ad astra levis. si nusquam es forte vocatus
 Ad cœnam, laudas securum olus, ac, velut usquam
 Vincit eas, ita te felicem dicis, amasque,
 Quod nusquam tibi sit potandum. Jusserit ad se
 Mæcenas serum sub lumina prima venire
 Convivam, Nemon' oleum feret ocyus? Ecquis
 Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, furisque.
 Mulvius & scurræ, tibi non referenda precati,
 Discedunt. Etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
 Duci ventre levem, nasum nidore supinor:
 Imbecillus, iners, si quid vis, adde popino.
 Tu cum sis quod ego, & fortassis nequior, ultro
 Infectere, velut melior, verbisque decoris
 Obvolvas vitium? Quid? si me stultior ipso
 Quingentis emto drachmis deprnderis? aufer
 Me vultu terrere: manum stomachumque teneto,
 Dum, quæ Crispini docuit me janitor, edo.
 Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum.

Tu,

In Town you dream of vistas, rills, cascades,
 Scent-wafting gales, and heat-attempt'ring shades ;
 No sooner to your wish a seat you find,
 But balls, routs, levees, rush into your mind.
 Whence all this variance ? is it, that you quote,
 With parrot prattle, maxims learnt by rote,
 Or with weak efforts virtue's cause maintain,
 While clog'd you flounder in the dirt in vain.

Alone, with not one visit left to pay,
 No pray'rs could bribe you to dine out that day ;
 So still ! so calm ! no mortal is more blest ;
 A crust of bread and quiet are a feast.
 When, hark ! a Footman thunders at the door ;
 ' His Honour begs your company by four'—
 Lord ! what a clatter ! how you swell, and stare !
 Dogs bark, maids scamper, and JOHN roars, A chair !
 I own myself the very man, I seem ;
 Can stretch a nostril at a fav'ry steam ;
 I ask no soft'nings, no detours of style,
 But stand confest, sot, glutton, what you will : 60
 Yet heav'ns ! shall you—yes, sir ! shall you, whose case
 Is just as desp'rate, sneer me to my face ?
 Alas ! you ease your conscience in a trice,
 While ready flatt'ry tinsels ev'ry vice.
 When in the Great man's veins love lights a flame,
 Thro' bars and bolts he seeks some wedded Dame,

Tu, cum projectis insignibus, annulo equestri,
 Romanoque habitu, prodis ex Judice Dama
 Turpis, odoratum caput obscurante lacerna;
 Non es quod simulas? metuens induceris, atque
 Altercante libidinibus tremis ossa pavore.
 Quid refert, uri virgis ferroque necari
 Auctoratus eas; an turpi clausus in arca,
 Quo te demisit peccati conscia herilis,
 Contractum genibus tangas caput? Estne marito
 Matronæ peccantis in ambos iusta potestas?
 In corruptorem vel iustior. Illa tamen se
 Non habitu mutæve loco, peccatæve superne;
 Cum te formidet mulier, neque credat amanti.
 Ibis sub furca prudens, dominoque furenti
 Committes rem omnem, & vitam & cum corpore fa-
 mam.

Evasti? metues, credo, doctusque cavebis:
 Quæres quando iterum paveas, iterumque perire
 Possis. O toties servus! Quæ bellua ruptis
 Cum semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis?
 Non sum mœchus, ais. Neque ego, Hercule, fur,
 ubi vasa

Prætereo sapiens argentea. Tolle periculum,
 Jam vaga profiliet frænis natura remotis.

While the poor Rogue, if so frail flesh command,
 Takes up with some loose stragler in the strand.
 The tiffue suit, lac'd ruffles thrown aside,
 A valet's trappings my lord's person hide ; 70
 Cautious he gives the signal, and is led
 Trembling alternately with lust and dread.
 Caught in the fact, no matter, which is worse,
 To smart in person, character, or purse,
 Or whether left to some DUENNA's care, 75
 Cramm'd in a close-shut chest he pant for air,
 Or, like unlucky FALSTAFF in the play,
 Sublime on Porters' shoulders ride away.
 Or grant, long kept in penitential awe,]
 He 'scape all perils of death, maiming, law, 80
 Who would not think, these difficulties o'er,
 The rankest Libertine would sin no more?
 Alas ! quite otherwise ; he longs to run
 Again these risques, to tremble, be undone.
 " Well ; of these heinous sins, thank heav'n," (you cry)
 " No Hermit is more innocent than I."
 As well might MACER call himself no cheat,
 Because he filch'd no watches in the street.
 But should, all penal statutes at a stand,
 No guardians, spies, be seen throughout the land, 90
 At such a season should warm wishes stir,
 I scarce can think your Saintship would demur—

Tune mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque
 Tot tantisque minor? quem ter vindicta quaterque
 Imposita haud unquam misera formidine privet?
 Adde super dictis, quod non levius valeat: Nam
 Sive vicarius, est qui servo paret, uti mos
 Vester ait, seu confervus; tibi quid sum ego? nempe
 Tu mihi qui imperitas, aliis servis miser, atque
 Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.
 Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens: sibi qui imperiosus:
 Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula
 terrent,

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
 Fortis, & in seipso totus; teres atque rotundus,
 Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
 In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna. Potesne
 Ex his, ut proprium, quid noscere? Quinque talenta
 Poscit te mulier, vexat, foribusque repulsum
 Perfundit gelida: rursus vocat. Eripe turpi
 Colla iugo: Liber, liber sum, dic age. Non quis,
 Urget enim dominus mentem non lenis, & acres
 Subiectat lassos stimulos, versatque negantem.
 Vel cum Pausiaca torpes, insane, tabella,

Qui

Is this the man, his minions wont to brave,
 Who slave himself dares call another slave !
 A wretch, a dastard, whose degen'rate soul 95
 Belies the scutcheon'd coat, the blazon'd roll,
 Mere pasteboard puppet, thing of wood and wire,
 The willing victim of each low desire !
 " This censure falls on ev'ry son of earth ;
 " Scandal ! are all, all bondmen from their birth ?"
 Come then, and know for once, if such there be,
 The man, whom Wisdom might pronounce quite free,
 'Tis he, who soars above all passion's pow'r,
 The lust of lucre, dread of death's dark hour,
 Blest with a gen'rous pride, that can disdain 105
 All the weak covet, or the mad obtain ;
 Who frames no wish beyond the present day,
 Careless what Fortune gives, or takes away ;
 Something like BUTLER : the whole pourtrait shown
 Can you discern one lineament your own ; 110
 This night cashier'd by some high-rated whore,
 The next in suppliant posture at her door ?
 Fie ! fie !—Go ! rouse your courage ; burst your chain ;
 Dare to be free ; say, I'm myself again ;
 But not like him, who curs'd the jilting jade, 115
 Then whin'd repentance for each word he said !

When, all-entranc'd, you doat with learned eyes
 On RUISDALE's waters, or on LORAINÉ's skies,
 What

Qui peccas minus atque ego, cum Fulvi, Rutubæque
 Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
 Prælia, rubrica picta aut carbone, velut si
 Re vera pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes
 Arma viri? nequam & cessator Davus; at ipse
 Subtilis veterum iudex & callidus audis,
 Nil ego, si ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
 Virtus atque animus cœnis responsat opimis.
 Obsequium ventris mihi perniciosius est cur?
 Tergo plector enim: qui tu impunitior, illa
 Quæ parvo sumi nequeunt, cum obsonia captas?
 Nempe inamarescunt epulæ sine fine petitæ,
 Illusque pedes vitiosum ferre recusant
 Corpus. An hic peccat, sub noctem qui puer uvam
 Furtiva mutat strigili? Qui prædia vendit
 Nil servile gulæ parens habet? Adde quod idem
 Non horam tecum esse potes, non otia recte
 Ponere; teque ipsum vitas fugitivus & erro;

Jam

What praise the laws of light and shade to trace,
 Tell ev'ry touch, and point out ev'ry grace !
 Yet on some sign if I but cast a look,
 Where the broad sash and truncheon speak the Duke ;
 Or should some shop my loit'ring steps detain,
 Where dangling prints adorn the dirty pane,
 Why am I worry'd with hard words, while you
 Shine forth a second RADNOR in vertu ?

Safe may you, dining with some harpy lord,
 Run thro' all rarities all climes afford,
 Teach sots the relish of some sauce to prize,
 Or prate with ecstacy on oyster pies ; 130
 While I, poor varlet—but I add no more ;
 Heav'n has reserv'd me some revenge in store :
 Soon shall you, surfeited with treat on treat,
 Confound all tastes, blend bitter, sour, and sweet ;
 Your veins, your limbs, Disease shall next invade, 135
 And Spleen around you throw her sad'ning shade.

Sir ! ere I finish, is it in your pow'r
 To be the master of yourself an hour ?
 Restless from morn to eve you saunter thro'
 The year, without one earthly thing to do ; 140
 Life's choicest moments fritter'd quite away
 In the dull round of levee, park, and play.

Should

**Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam :
 Frustra: nam comes atra premit, sequiturque fugatam.
 [Unde mihi lapidem? Quorsum est opus? Unde sagittas?
 Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit. Ocius hinc te
 Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.]**

(77)

Should Care assail you ? then the midnight bowl,
Or opiates shed oblivion on the soul :
Not these, ev'n these, suffice : do what you will,
Within you'll find a self-tormentor still.

Should I be able to find the right word,
Or point that action on the foot:
Nor that, yet in this, I think, do what you will,
Within you it and a little more will
And I am sure, you will be glad to see

(30)

EPISTOLAE

II.

EPISTLES

OF THE

FIRST BOOK.

EPISTOLA

E P I S T O L A

II.

Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ. Præneſte reſegi :
Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid
non,
Planius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim, niſi quid te detinet, audi.
Fabula, qua Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbariæ lento collifa duello,
Stultorum regum & populorum continet æſtus.

Antenor

E P I S T L E

II.

WHILE you the levities of Town engage,
 I, in my cell, am deep in HOMER's page;
 Who tells us what to seek, or what to shun,
 What in each state is fittest to be done,
 In manner, style, more graceful, and more plain, 5
 Than all the Casuists from ELIZA's reign.

But, lest you think me partial in my praise,
 Mark what the moralizing Poet says :
 The tale, that shows us, how for ten long years
 A strumpet set whole nations by the ears, 10
 Points out the source whence party fury springs,
 From the mad rable to their madder kings.

G

Some

Antenor censet belli præcidere causam :

Quid Paris ? ut salvus regnet, vivatque beatus,

Cogi posse negat. Nestor componere lites

Inter Peleiden festinat & inter Atreiden :

Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.

Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, & ira,

Iliacos intra muros peccatur, & extra.

Rursus quid virtus & quid sapientia possit,

Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssen :

Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes,

Et mores hominum inspexit ; latumque per æquor,

Dum sibi, dum fociis reditum parat, aspera multa

Pertulit, adversis rerum immerfabilis undis.

Sirenum voces & Circes pocula nosti :

Quæ si cum fociis stultus cupidusque bibisset,

Sub domina meretrice fuisset turpis & excors :

Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.

Nos numerus sumus, & fruges consumere nati ;

Sponsi Penelopes, nebulones, Alcinoique

In cute curanda plus æquo operata juvenus :

Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, &

Ad strepitum citharæ cessantem ducere somnum.

Some few, to cut the knot of war, maintain
 The cuckold Greek should have his wife again ;
 PARIS starts back; and, prince-like, asks no more 15
 Than to enjoy his kingdom, and his whore :
 The wrangling Gen'ral, hot with lust and rage,
 Ask all the rhet'ric of the Pylian sage :
 Howe'er capriciously kings play their part,
 Their subjects, loyal subjects, feel the smart : 20
 City and camp are one dark group of crimes ;
 Hear this, ye Advocates for ancient times !
 How sense and virtue can exalt the mind,
 ULYSSES leaves a lesson to mankind ;
 Patriot, and Hero, who undaunted bore 25
 A weight of woes, long toft from shore to shore ;
 Who for his people ev'ry toil could brave,
 And ride secure misfortune's roughest wave ;
 Great master of himself ; to whom were vain
 The luscious potion, and the soft'ning strain. 30
 Some few, ambitious to be CIRCE's guests,
 Swill'd the full calice, and fell down to beasts,
 Happy in pleasure's sensual fly to roll,
 Till the last ray of reason left the soul.
 Our youth their features in this glass may view, 35
 Reflected in ALCINOUS' saunt'ring crew,
 Soft, filken things, mere feather and perfume,
 The painted nothings of a drawing room.

Ut jugulent hominem, surgunt de nocte latrones :

Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris ? atqui

Si nolis fanus, curres hydropicus : & ni

Posces ante diem librum cum lumine ; si non

Intendes animum studiis & rebus honestis,

Invidia vel amore vigil torquebere. Nam cur

Quæ lædunt oculum, festinas demere : si quid

Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum ?

Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. sapere aude :

Incipe, vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis : at ille

Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Quæritur argentum, puerisque beata creandis

Uxor, & incultæ pacantur vomere silvæ.

Quod

Shall ev'ry paltry scriv'ner for the pay
 Of pilfer'd farthings rise by break of day, 40
 And you no ear to Wisdom's counsels lend,
 But slumber thoughtless of the noblest end?
 The jaundice, ague, or the gout, just o'er,
 He takes a ride who never rode before:
 When thirst, or head-ach, gives the lightest fear, 45
 The silent step soon tells the Doctor near;
 Why, when the mind is sick, this long delay?
 Year after year unheeded rolls away.

Hear Wisdom's voice; the bus'ness once begun,
 Believe a poet, half the task is done. 50

To mend his life who has it in his pow'r,
 Yet still defers it to a future hour,
 Waits, like the peasant, till the stream be dry'd;
 'Still glides the stream, and will for ever glide.'

In some calm moment, musing and serene, 55
 Struck with the stillness of the rural scene,

All discontent retiring from the breast,
 "Give me," you cry, "with little to be blest;
 "Give me a snug warm seat, before, behind,
 "By hill, or elm-row, shelter'd from the wind; 60
 "Some land adjoining, just enough to make
 "Parterre, or pasture, as the whim may take."

But shall no other want one sigh create?
 The pictur'd gall'ry, or the sideboard's state;

Quod satis est cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.

Non domus & fundus, non æris acervus & auri,

Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres ;

Non animo curas. valeat possessor oportet ;

Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.

Qui cupit aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus aut res,

Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagrum,

Auriculas citharæ collecta forde dolentes.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit.

Sperne voluptates : Nocet emta dolore voluptas.

Semper avarus eget : certum voto pete finem.

Invidus

Shall the gay garden's pleasures be forgot, 65
 The wood-embosom'd temple, shelly grot,
 The solitary walk for musing made,
 The spouting fountain, and meand'ring shade?

O blind to life's best comforts, not to know
 This truth, that competence is bliss below! 70
 Not the wild claims of pow'r, the boasts of pride,
 Not all the treasures mines, or mountains hide,
 Can sooth the throbbings of nocturnal pains,
 Or quench the spark just kindling in the veins;
 Or, when the clouds of spleen begin to roll, 75
 Lend the least ray to brighten PRISCA's soul.

That man alone in property is blest,
 Whose body's healthful, and whose mind's at rest;
 To slaves, to misers, what avails the pelf?
 No more than volumes rang'd on MORIO's shelf; 80
 No more than patriot precepts to the youth,
 Whom bribes and BALBUS have long turn'd from truth.

Allow these happiness, and you may find
 Sounds for the deaf, or colours for the blind:
 Foul bottles, Vintners know it to their cost, 85
 Taint the ripe flavour richest wines can boast.

With virtuous pride the joys of sense disdain,
 Nor purchase pleasure at the price of pain.
 Let humble views your modest wishes bound;
 He never rests, that wants a thousand pound. 90

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.

Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni

Majus tormentum. *Qui* non moderabitur iræ,

Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit & mens,

Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto.

Ira furor brevis est: animum rege, qui, nisi paret,

Imperat: hunc frœnis, hunc tu compeſce catena.

Fingit equum tenera docilem cervice magister

Ire viam, quâ monſtrat eques. Venaticus ex quo

Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aula,

Militat in ſilvis catulus. Nunc adbibere puro

Pectore verba, puer: nunc te melioribus offer.

Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens, ſervabit odorem

Teſta diu. Quod ſi ceſſas, aut ſtrenuus anteis,

Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus inſto,

Ye fierce Polemics of this isle, reveal
 What pangs the men, who pine with envy, feel !
 Of all the many monsters of the breast
 Think not, my friend, that Anger is the least :
 Or, should Philosophy no balm apply, 95
 Go, visit APPIUS, when the storm swells high ;
 How wild his looks ! how discompos'd his gait !
 He cools ; but finds, reflection comes too late.
 O check this fury, in fast fetters bind,
 If not the slave, the tyrant of the mind ! 100
 Would you be happy, wise, and know no sin ?
 Learn while a boy, while all is right within.
 For early truths we long preserve a taste,
 As scented casks smell fragrant to the last.
 He, who would form his courser for the plain,
 Trains him betimes to listen to the rein :
 The dog, whom youth makes docil, we with ease
 Can teach to set, and play what tricks we please.
 Whether, like SAVILE, with a brisk career
 You run, or lag, like * *, in the rear, 110
 You'll see your friend maintain his wonted pace,
 Not last, nor yet the foremost in the race.

To fence I challenge the most
What pants the man, who goes with
Of all the many mortals on the
I think not, and I think not, that
Of thought philosophy no more
God, who is, when the world is
How wild he looks! how wild he
He looks, he looks, reflecting
O look this way, in his
It is not the least, the least of
Would you be happy, wife, and
I am while a boy, while all a
For early years we long
As I look, as I look, I
He, who would form his
I have been striving to
The dog, who is
Can reach to you, and
Whether, the
You can, as I
You'll see your
You'll see the

THE
THIRDEPISTLE

OF THE
SAME BOOK.

EPISTOLA

E P I S T O L A

III.

Juli Flore, quibus terrarum militet oris
 Claudius Augusti privignus, scire laboro.
 Thracane vos, Hebrusque nivali compede victus,
 An freta vicinas inter currentia terras,
 An pingues Asiæ campi collesque morantur?
 Quid studiosa cohors operum struit? hoc quoque curo:
 Quis sibi res gestas Augusti scribere sumit?
 Bella quis & paces longum diffundit in ævum?
 Quid Titius, Romana brevi venturus in ora,
 Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus,
 Fastidire lacus & rivos ausus apertos?
 Ut valet? ut meminit nostri? fidibusne Latinis
 Thebanos aptare modos studet, auspice Musa:
 An tragica desævit & ampullatur in arte?

Quid

E P I S T L E

III.

YOU! whom all places in their turns delight,
 Say, whither do you next direct your flight?
 To Town? to Country? or do you repair
 To flutter at Brighthelmstone with the Fair?
 Will nothing from the press this season steal,
 To give the Niblers of these times a meal?
 Can MASON days of Gothic darkness grace,
 And not to railings rouse the snarling race,
 MASON, who creeps not with low sons of rhyme,
 But on Pindaric pinions soars sublime?
 Sleeps he? or does he meditate again
 To rival Athens in the tragic strain,
 Or, kindling with a ray of purer fire,
 To holiest raptures wake the British lyre?

Does

Quid mihi Celsus agit? monitus, multumq; monendus,
 Privatas ut quærat opes, & tangere vitet
 Scripta, Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo :
 Ne si forte suas repetitum venerit olim
 Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula risum
 Furtivis nudata coloribus. Ipse quid audes?
 Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma? non tibi parvum
 Ingenium, non incultum est, nec turpiter hirtum.
 Seu linguam causis acuis; seu civica jura
 Respondere paras; seu condis amabile carmen;
 Prima feres hederæ victricis præmia. Quod si
 Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses,
 Quo te coelestis sapientia duceret, ires.
 Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus & ampli,
 Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.
 Debes hoc etiam rescribere, si tibi curæ est,
 Quantæ conveniat, Munatius? an male facta
 Gratia nequicquam coit, & rescinditur? at vos
 Seu calidus sanguis, seu rerum inscitia vexat
 Indomita cervice feros, ubicunque locorum
 Vivitis, indigni fratrum rumpere foedus,
 Pascitur in vestrum reditum votiva juvenca.

Does CELSUS still a war with Reason wage, 15
 And spread French tinsel o'er his pilfer'd page?
 How shall we titter at this flutt'ring jay,
 When his bright plumes fall one by one away;
 When cruel Critics cull each glitt'ring line,
 And give it back to BOILEAU and RACINE! 20
 Or say, what sweets invite your roving Muse?
 You want not genius, but the will to use;
 Sure in whate'er you do to win applause:
 Whether you lend a polish to the laws,
 To culprit clowns explain what's just and fit, 25
 Or charm the circle with a flow of wit.
 Go! the cold lenitives of care resign;
 Go! while you may, wear Wisdom's wreath divine;
 For this all toil, who shine, or e'er have shone,
 Friends to mankind's true int'rests, or their own.
 Sprinkle an anecdote or two of state:
 Has union heal'd the bick'ring of the Great?
 Or does court-policy drop balsam o'er
 The wound, that closes, but to gape the more?
 Howe'er that be, some comfort we must feel, 35
 While wakes one Patriot for the public weal.

Dear Country Girl, a year since I called upon you
And found myself a guest at a quiet parlour
How time has passed at the long journey's end
When all the things that used to vex you
When care and grief and griefing
And give you back to health and ease
Or let me know how you are now
You are not young, but you are well
But in what of you is to be done
Whether you are a friend to the world
To children, to explain what a husband
Or to the world with a heart of gold
Go! the cold hearted world is cold
Go! you are a woman, a woman
For the world is full of men
Friends to the world, but not to you
Splendid as a man, but not to you
Has made the life of the world
Or does it not show that the world
The world is cold, but to the world
How is it that the world is cold
While the world is cold to the world

ALOTSI

THE

FOURTH EPISTLE

OF THE

SAME BOOK.

H

EPISTOLA

E P I S T O L A

IV.

A LBI, nostrorum Sermonum candide iudex,
 Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
 Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat;
 An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres,
 Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?
 Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Dî tibi formam,
 Dî tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.
 Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
 Qui sapere, & fari possit quæ sentiat; & cui
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
 Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumena?

Inter

E P I S T L E

IV.

To Mr. HURD.

MY Friend! my Critic!—yet how vain that boast,
 Since sickness drove you to the southern coast!
 How shall I guess, if books, or chat, or rhyme,
 Fill up the vacant moments of your time;
 Or whether, by some evening's stillness caught, 5
 Musing you wander, thought succeeding thought,
 Where a dark rook'ry frowns, or ivy crawls
 Round ragged oaks, or climbs up mould'ring walls?
 'Tis yours to act the just, the candid part;
 Yours the rare union of the head and heart: 10
 Engaging manners, temper well-inclin'd,
 Sense, and the freedom to declare the mind;
 These, these are yours: what nurse by wish or pray'r
 Beg'd greater blessings for a titled heir?

H 2

Betwixt

Inter spem curamque, timores inter & iras,
 Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
 Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.
 Me pinguem & nitidum bene curata cute vifes,
 Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

Betwixt hope, cares, vexations, terrors plac'd 15
Think ev'ry day you live to be the last ;
So in life's happy hours you will receive
A tenfold relish from the joys they give.
When you return, you'll find me the disgrace
Of all the sons of COMUS in the place. 20

FIFTH EPISTLE

TO THE

SAME BOOK

Of all the sons of Comus in the place.
When you return, you'll find me the disgrace
A tenfold richer from the joys they give.
So in life's happy hours you will receive
Think every day you live to be the last;
Betwixt hope, cares, vexations, terrors plac'd 12

EPISTOLA

THE

FIFTH EPISTLE

OF THE

SAME BOOK.

H 4

EPISTOLA

E P I S T O L A

V.

SI potes Archiacis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modica cœnare times olus omne patella,

Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.

Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffusa, palustres

Inter Minturnas, Sinuessanumque Petrinum.

Sin melius quid habes, arcesse ; vel imperium fer.

Jamdudum splendet focus, & tibi munda supellex.

Mitte leves spes, & certamina divitiarum,

Et Moschi causam. Cras, nato Cæsare, festus

Dat

E P I S T L E

V.

To Mr. EVANS.

CAN you, my Friend! without a sigh retire
 From scenes the Busy seek, the Gay admire,
 Or to those glitt'ring mansions bid adieu,
 Where LAURA's charms first open'd on your view;
 Calmly content for raptures to receive
 The dull delights a college life can give;
 To rise at break of day, to dine at one,
 To muse whole evenings in your cell alone;
 Or in that hour, when Spleen begins to spread
 Her black'ning clouds, some cloister's round to tread,
 Where ivy'd walls thro' chinks transmit the gleam,
 That silv'ry trembles from the lunar beam?

Not but some pleasures claim a place ev'n here;
 Tho' in our walks no COVENTRYS appear,

Tho'

Dat veniam somnumque dies. impune licebit
 Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.
 Quo mihi fortunas, si non conceditur uti?
 Parcus ob hæredis curam, nimiumque severus
 Affidet infano. Potare, & spargere flores
 Incipiam, patiarque vel inconsultus haberi.
 Quid non ebrietas designat? operta recludit;
 Spes jubet esse ratas; ad prælia trudit inertem:
 Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes.
 Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?
 Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum?
 Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non
 Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
 Corruget nares, ne non & cantharus & lanx
 Ostendat tibi te; ne fidos inter amicos
 Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet: ut coeat par,
 Jungaturque pari. Butram tibi Septiciumque,
 Et nisi cœna prior potiorque puella Sabinum
 Detinet, assumam. locus est & pluribus umbris:
 Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.
 Tu, quotus esse velis, rescribe: & rebus omissis,
 Atria servantem postico falle clientem.

Tho' here no frolics fritter time away, 15
 No varying vanities of park and play;
 In books, in converse, a sure charm we find;
 These drop by turns their nectar on the mind.
 O come that humour, which so oft has worn
 Long nights away in careless chat till morn, 20
 When mutual mirth bade jests alternate fly,
 And the light soul fate laughing in the eye!
 Let Lucre's slaves drudge on from hour to hour,
 Or courtly Reptiles wriggle into pow'r,
 Me may the chearful joys of friendship please, 25
 While youth gives spirits, and while health gives ease.
 Wine makes the timid brave, the feeble strong,
 Wine tips with eloquence the stamm'ring tongue,
 To the grim brow of Rigour lends a grace,
 And smooths the features of Affliction's face, 30
 Sheds o'er the gloom of care a bright'ning ray,
 And bids the mists of dulness melt away.
 Haste then, to Granta's bow'ry scenes repair,
 While yet Sol's radiance streams thro' purer air,
 Ere the brown foliage fall, and fogs be seen 35
 To sail with murky wings o'er Cam's low green.

Tho' here no folies latter time awaying
 No varying varieties of park and play; nor
 In books, in travels, a true chain winding
 These drop by turns their beads on the mind
 O come that banquet which to others wrong
 Long nights away in circles till morn,
 When mortal mind had self-oblivious
 And the light soul its laughing in the eye
 Let Lucie's laves dance on their hour
 Or county Republics twigs into powder
 We may the chaste joy of friendship
 While you give pains, and while health gives
 Wine makes the mind brave, the people strong
 Wine tips with chop wine the flaming tongue
 To the first blow of Rigor lends a grace
 And smooths the tearful face of sorrow
 Sheds o'er the bloom of care the nightingale
 And bids the hills of business melt away
 Haste thee to Greatness, how thy spirit
 While yet Sol's radiance streams that pure
 Ere the brow's foliage fall, and to be seen
 To fall with mucky wings of Care's low ground

(111)

EPISTOLAE

THE

EIGHTH EPISTLE

OF THE

SAME BOOK.

EPISTOLA

E P I S T O L A

THE

VIII.

EIGHTH EPISTLE

OF THE

CElso gaudere, & bene rem gerere Albinovano
 Musa rogata refer, comiti, scribæque Neronis.
 Si quæret, quid agam; dic multa, & pulchra minantem,
 Vivere nec recte, nec suaviter : haud quia grando
 Contuderit vites, oleamve momorderit æstus ;
 Nec quia longinquis armentum ægrotet in arvis ;
 Sed quia mente minus validus, quam corpore toto,
 Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum :
 Fidis offendar medicis, irascat amicus,
 Cur me funesto properent arcere veterno :
 Quæ nocuere sequar : fugiam quæ profore credam :
 Romæ Tibur amem ventosus, Tibure Romam.

Post

VIII.

In

Post hæc, ut valeat; quo pacto rem gerat, & se;
Ut placeat juveni, percunctare, utque cohorti.
Si dicet, recte; primum gaudere; subinde
Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento:
Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.

(113)

In Town the Country claims my wish ; once there
I languish for the fogs of Hyde-park air.

This said, of counsel drop a word or two ; 15

As YOU BEAR FORTUNE, SO WILL WE BEAR
YOU.

TENTH EPISTLE

SAME BOOK.

I

THE

In Town the County claims my wife once there
I languish for the loss of my dear wife
This kind of counsel does a word of two
As you hear fortune, so will we hear
You

THE

EPISTOLA

THE

TENTH EPISTLE

OF THE

SAME BOOK.

EPISTOLA

E P I S T O L A

X.

URbis amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus
 Ruris amatores: hac in re scilicet una
 Multum dissimiles, at cætera pœne gemelli,
 Fraternalis animis: quidquid negat alter, & alter,
 Annuimus pariter, vetuli notique columbi.
 Tu nidum servas; ego laudo ruris amœni
 Rivos, & musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
 Quid quæris? vivo, & regno, simul ista reliqui
 Quæ vos ad cœlum effertis rumore secundo.
 Utque sacerdotis fugitivus, liba recuso;
 Pane egeo jam mellitis potiore placentis.
 Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet,
 Ponendæque domo quærenda est area primum;
 Novistine locum potiore rure beato?

Est

E P I S T L E

X.

YOU! whom the bustle of the Town can please,
 From one, who doats on solitude and ease,
 Accept this verse: no doves more pair'd than we,
 True twins in taste, yet here we disagree.
 You, wrapt in smoke, on balls and birthnights dream,
 While rivers, groves and grottoes, are my theme.
 Yes; when I quit the hurry of the Town,
 'Tis then, then only, I am all my own:
 I fly with rapture to my fruits, my flow'rs,
 And wreath fresh foliage on my thick'ning bow'rs, to
 Nor envy slaves, tho' smil'd on by a King,
 And pity POLLIO shuffling round the ring.
 Would you the purple vale's perfume compare
 With scents, that stagnate in St. James's air,

Est, ubi plus tepeant hiemes? ubi gratior aura
 Leniat & rabiem Canis, & momenta Leonis,
 Cum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum?
 Est, ubi divellat somnos minus invida cura?
 Deterius Libycis olet aut nitet herba lapillis?
 Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,
 Quam quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure ri-
 vum?

Nempe inter varias nutritur filva columnas;
 Laudaturque domus, longos quæ prospicit agros.
Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret,
 Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix.
 Non qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro
 Nescit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,
 Certius accipiet damnum, propiusve medullis,
 Quam qui non poterit vero distinguere falsum.
 Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ,
 Mutatæ quatient. Si quid mirabere, pones
 Invitus. fuge magna; licet sub paupere tecto
 Reges & regum vita præcurrere amicos.
 Cervus equum pugna melior communibus herbis
 Pellebat, donec minor in certamine longo
 Imploravit opes hominis, frænumque recepit:

Sed

Or waters, that thro' leaden conduits pass, 15
 With glitt'ring rills, that glide thro' tufted grass?
 Do Persian quilts a sight more grateful yield
 Than the rich carpet of the flow'ry field?
 Or, say, does Care sleep's silent hour invade
 Less in the palace than the peaceful shade? 20
 Let Pride, let Luxury, do what they will,
 'Tis all in vain; Nature is Nature still.
 For rural joys see TAYLOR slight his fees,
 And run from Countesses to streams and trees!
 Not he, who should mistake the coarse design 25
 Of a Dutch Dauber for a true POUSSIN,
 Would to his cost so smart, as who in spite
 Of reason sottishly takes wrong for right.
 With the first fav'ring breeze who fondly fail
 As faintly struggle with an adverse gale. 30
 Dream not of riches; with PITT's pride despise
 Such trash, as Nobles, and their puppies, prize,
 More happy; while the sunshine of content
 Gilds the low walls of your poor tenement.
 Oppose in time the dictates of desire; 35
 Once to admire is always to admire.
 The stag by pow'r of horns at length compel'd
 The steed to leave the long-contested field:
 Poor palfrey, seiz'd with a despairing fit,
 Ask'd man's assistance, and receiv'd the bit; 40

Sed postquam victor victo discessit ad hoste,

Non equitem dorso, non froenum depulit ore.

Sic qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis

Libertate caret, dominum vehit improbus; atque

Serviet æternum, parvo quia nesciet usi.

Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,

Si pede major erit, subvertet; si minor, uret.

Lætus sorte tua vives sapienter, Aristi;

Nec me dimittes incastigatum, ubi plura

Cogere quam satis est, ac non cessare videbor.

Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique,

Tortum digna sequi potius quam ducere funem.

Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunæ;

Excepto quod non simul esses, cætera lætus:

He soon, 'tis true, was victor in the strife,
 But bore his Rider, and the bit for life,
 So fares the fool, who of his own accord
 Thro' dread of poverty accepts a lord,
 No blessing left, that once was in his pow'r, 45
 A wretch, a vassal, to life's latest hour.

Estates are troublesome, too large, or small;
 As shoes that fit not, pinch, or make you fall.
 My friend ! be you with competence content ;
 Learn to enjoy the little, Heav'n has lent. 50
 And should I turn at any time aside
 From Wisdom, and take MATIUS for my guide,
 With face of bus'ness, levees, courts, attend,
 Sink not in delicate reserve the friend ;
 Like some, who boast their breeding more than love,
 And while they hint one's failings, half approve ; 56
 Spare not rebuke : wealth keeps no middle way,
 Ready alike to lord it, or obey.
 Farewel ! I write, Cam's willows in my view,
 Without a wish, except a wish for you. 60

The poor, his rival, was victor in the strife,
 But bore his rival, and the bit for life.
 So takes the fool, who of his own accord
 Thro' dread of poverty accepts a lord,
 No blessing left, that once was in his power,
 A wretch, a wretch, to life's last hour.
 Estates are troublesome, too large, or small;
 As those that sit not, pinch, or make you fall.
 My friend! be you with discontent content;
 I can't improve the little, I can't have the great.
 And should I turn at any time aside
 From William, and take Alaric for my guide,
 With loss of honour, love, country, attend,
 Sink not in delicate reverse the friend;
 Like some, who boast their breeding more than love,
 And while they hint of a fairer, half approve;
 Your not repulse: wealth keeps no middle way,
 Ready alike to lend it, or to pay.
 Farewell! I write, Cam's widow in my view;
 Without a wish, except a will for you.

**THE
TWELFTH EPISTLE
OF THE
SAME BOOK.**

EPISTOLA

E P I S T O L A

XII.

Frustibus Agrippæ Siculis, quos colligis, Icci,
 Si recte frueris, non est ut copia major
 Ab Jove donari possit tibi. tolle querelas.
 Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetit usus.
 Si ventri bene, si lateri est, pedibusque tuis; nil
 Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.
 Si forte in medio positorum abstemius herbis
 Vivis & urtica; sic vives protinus, ut te
 Confestim liquidus fortunæ rivus inaret:
 Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia nescit,
 Vel quia cuncta putas una virtute minora.
 Miramur, si Democriti pecus edit agellos

Cultaque

E P I S T L E

XII.

WELL; after many an anxious moment past
 You've got a competence for life at last;
 Cares, disappointments, now are at an end;
 No more you bow to Lords, Court-days attend;
 Adieu to dreams of Rect'ries, and the train
 Of visions, swarming in a Churchman's brain!
 You now with ease and dignity may live:
 What more can PELHAM's gracious bounty give?
 True; at the Rector's table we still see
 The country Curate's old simplicity: 10
 Let soups and furloins at my Lord's find place,
 O'er pudding and potatoes you say grace;
 Nor would you change a tittle of your fare,
 Tho' Fate should seat you in the Primate's chair:
 'Tis,

Cultaque, dum peregre est animus sine corpore
velox?

Cum tu inter scabiem tantam & contagia lucri,
Nil parvi sapias, & adhuc sublimia cures :
Quæ mare compescant causæ ; quid temperet an-
num :

Stellæ sponte sua, jussæne vagentur & errent ;
Quid premat obscurum Lunæ, quid proferat orbem ;
Quid velit & possit rerum concordia discors ;
Empedocleum, an Stertinium deliret acumen.
Verum seu pisces, seu porrum & cæpe trucas,
Utere Pompeio Grospho : & si quid petet, ultro
Defer : nil Grosphus nisi verum orabit & æquum.
Vilis amicorum est annona, bonis ubi quid deest.
Ne tamen ignores quo sit Romana loco res ;
Cantaber Agrippæ, Claudî virtute Neronis
Armenius cecidit : Jus imperiumque Phraates
Cæsaris accepit, genibus minor : Aurea fruges
Italiæ pleno diffudit Copia cornu.

'Tis, that preferment nothing real brings, 15
 And temperance soars above all earthly things.
 For modest merit need we longer roam
 Abroad, when such examples shine at home;
 Or call that virtue only, which appears
 At the dim distance of three hundred years? 20
 But, whether study your retirement grace,
 Or books to thoughts of canonry give place,
 Whether with Wits, or Lords, your hours you spend,
 Blush not to own LICINIUS for a friend,
 Who, tho' without an acre of estate, 25
 Outweighs in worth some Ministers of state.
 To say one word of what the world's about;
 * is in place, and * is just turn'd out :
 Threats of invasion fill all hearts with fears,
 And set our Patriot-statesmen by the ears : 30
 France uncontroul'd reaps laurels in the west;
 Our Chiefs — compassion bids me hide the rest.

That present nothing but things,
 And temperance less above all earthly things,
 For modesty we need we longer roam,
 Abroad, when such examples shine at home,
 Or call that virtue only, which appears
 At the dim distance of three hundred years,
 But, whether study your retirement grace,
 Or books to thoughts of candour give place,
 Whether with Wine, or Lords, your hours you spend,
 Blush not to own Lacinius for a friend,
 Who, tho' without an air of state,
 Outweighs a score of some Ministers of state,
 To say one word of what the world's about,
 'Tis in place, and 'tis just turn'd out,
 Threats of invasion fill all hearts with fears,
 And let our Patriot-friendship by the ears,
 France unaccount'd rage launch in the west,
 Our Chiefs — compassion bids me hide the rest.

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EPISTOLA

THE

FOURTEENTH EPISTLE

OF THE

SAME BOOK.

K EPISTOLA

E P I S T O L A

XIV.^T

FOURTEENTH EPISTLE

Villice silvarum, & mihi me reddentis agelli,
 Quem tu fastidis, habitatum quinque focis, &
 Quinque bonos solitum Bariam dimittere patres;
 Certemus, spinas animone ego fortius, an tu
 Evellas agro, & melior sit Horatius, an res.
 Me quamvis Lamiae pietas & cura moratur
 Fratrem moerentis, rapto de fratre dolentis
 Insolabiliter: tamen istuc mens animusque
 Fert, & amat spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.
 Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in urbe beatum.
 Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio fors.
 Sultus uterq; locum immeritum causatur inique:
 In culpa est animus, qui se non effugit unquam.

Tu

E P I S T L E

XIV.

YES; tho' my Friends engaging arts employ,
 Tho' Pleasure tempts me with each tinsel toy,
 Restless in crouds I bear about my chain,
 And long to taste my liberty again.
 How wide the distance between you and me? 5
 Not DUNCE and WARBURTON more disagree.
 The walks, which pleas'd I tread, transported view,
 Worse than the wilds of Kent appear to you;
 And in my turn, the sights, that once have been
 By you call'd charming, half give me the spleen. 10
 Say, from what cause can tastes so diff'rent spring?
 The place, so both resolve it, is the thing.
 No; 'tis the mind, however we mistake,
 The mind, that never can itself forsake.

Tu mediastinus tacita prece rura petebas :
 Nunc urbem, & ludos, & balnea villicus optas.
 Me constare mihi scis, & discedere tristem,
 Quandocunque trahunt invisa negotia Romam.
 Non eadem miramur : eo disconvenit inter
 Meque & te : nam quæ deserta & inhospita tesqua
 Credis, amœna vocat mecum qui sentit ; & odit
 Quæ tu pulchra putas : fornix tibi & uncta popina
 Incutiunt urbis desiderium, video ; & quod
 Angulus iste feret piper & thus ocyus uva :
 Nec vicina subest, vinum præbere taberna
 Quæ possit tibi : nec meretrix tibicina, cujus
 Ad strepitum salias terræ gravis : & tamen urges
 Jampridem non tacta ligonibus arva, bovemque
 Disjunctum curas, & strictis frondibus explēs.
 Addit opus pigro rivus, si decidit imber
 Multa mole docendus aprico parcere prato.
 Nunc age, quid nostrum concentum dividat, audi.
 Quem tennes decuere togæ nitidique capilli,
 Quem scis immunem Cynaræ placuisse rapaci,
 Quem bibulum liquidi media de luce Falerni,
 Cœna brevis juvat, & prope rivum somnus in herba :
 Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.
 Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam
 Limat, non odio obscuro morfuque venenat.

Rident

When sick of company, with Suitors ply'd, 15
 O for the peace of College life ! you cry'd ;
 No sooner in your cell, you sigh for all
 You left in London, park, play, op'ra, ball.

Be fair for once, and tell me, if you find
 In me such symptoms of a wav'ring mind : 20
 Else whence the pangs, which thoughts of Town create
 When bus'ness drags me to the scenes I hate ?
 I grant you, here no coffee-house affords
 The sight of saunt'ring fops, or prating lords ;
 No bagnio, brothel, for nocturnal hour, 25
 No watch to bully, and no streets to scour.

“ Who, that the Belles of Ranelagh has seen,
 “ With rose-cheek'd flirts could circle Clarehall green,
 “ Or who, once happy in a masquerade,
 “ Could bear to ramble in a rook'ry's shade ?” 30

Such toys, such vanities your fancy take ;
 What wonder, if our souls no music make ?
 I, who with foreign delicacies fed,
 Pish'd at all taverns but the Bedford-head,
 Contented now make dinners, which you'd call 35
 Light ones, and some court-chaplain none at all :
 The park's gay walks forgot, entranc'd I rove
 Where without art trees twine into a grove :
 These shades attract not Envy's baneful leer,
 And ranc'rous Hatred sheds no venom here. 40

Rident vicini glebas & faxa moventem.

Cum fervis urbana diaria rodere mavis,

Horum tu in numerum voto ruis. Invidet usum

Lignorum, & pecoris tibi calo argutus, & horti.

Optat ephippia bos piger : optat arare caballus.

Quam scit, uterque libens, censebo, exerceat artem,

Say, can I style him blest, who loses all
Life's choicest hours in Senate, Council, Hall ;
Or him, who, tho' his secret soul receives
No real joy, but what retirement gives,
Each taste neglected, and each talent lost, 45
Drudges for pay in some low dirty post.

Yet, from the Tradesman to the hireling Peer,
Who toil in dust and smoke throughout the year,
What numbers sigh for the retreat, that yields,
Sound sleeps, still walks, and ever-fragrant fields?

If for a fancy'd good men grasp an ill
Ev'n let the fools be wretched, if they will.

Say, can I buy him back, who lost all
 His choicest hours in Seneca, Concord, Hall,
 Or him, who, tho' his father's land receives
 No rest joy, but what retirement gives,
 Each task neglected, each labour unrequit,
 Dreads for pay in some security post.
 Yet, when the Taborian to the dishing front
 Walks out in dust and smoke throughout the town,
 What numbers of the stoutest, the boldest,
 Round the stage, still walks, and ever-framing habits
 In some happy good description of his own
 Let's let the fool be watched, if they will.

THE
SEVENTEENTH EPISTLE

OF THE
SAME BOOK.

EPISTOLA

E P I S T O L A

XVII.

Quamvis, Scæva, fatis per te tibi consulis, & scis
 Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti,
 Disce, docendus adhuc quæ censet amicus: [ut si
 Cæcus iter monstrare velit;] tamen aspice, siquid
 Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.
 Si te grata quies, & primam somnus in horam
 Delectat; si te pulvis strepitusque rotarum,
 Si lædit caupona, Ferentinum ire jubebo:
 Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis;
 Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit.

E P I S T L E

XVII.

*To Sir * * * *, Bart.*

WHAT tho', beyond the promise of your years,
 In all you do, maturest thought appears,
 Tho' blest with manners, sure the Great to please,
 A polish, soften'd by a native ease,
 Scorn not, accomplish'd in whate'er degree, 5
 To take th' opinion of a friend, ev'n me.
 Say, art thou one, who shuns the tinsel'd fights
 Of liv'ry'd lords, or frantic fools at WHITE's,
 Who sighs for solitude, when fashion calls
 To Routs, to Revels, or to Birth-night Balls? 10
 Hence then; from Town to * * * remove;
 Rear the proud pile, or weave the mazy grove,
 Or o'er vast Tracts bid thick'ning forests rise,
 Till a new Studley spread before our eyes.

Or

Si prodesse tuis, pauloque benignius ipsum
 Te tractare voles ; accedes siccus ad unctum.
 Si pranderet olus patienter, regibus uti
 Nollet Aristippus. si sciret regibus uti,
 Fastidiret olus, qui me notat. Utrius horum
 Verba probes & facta, doce : vel, junior, audi
 Cur sit Aristippi potior sententia. namque
 Mordacem Cynicum sic eludebat, ut aiunt :
 Scurror ego ipse mihi, populo tu : rectius hoc &
 Splendidius multo est. equus ut me portet, alat rex,
 Officium facio : tu poscis vilia rerum,
 Dante minor ; quamvis fers te nullius egentem.
 Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res,
 Tentantem majora, fere præsentiis æquum.
 Contra, quem duplici panno Patientia velat,
 Mirabor, vitæ via si conversa decebit.
 Alter purpureum non expectabit amictum ;
 Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet ;
 Personamque feret non inconciannus utramque.

Alter

Or would you quit Retirement to be great? 15
 Go! mix with patriots, and reform the state;
 Till ev'ry plunderer in place be known,
 And not a sycophant be near the throne.

The presence one admires, and one the shade;
 This roots and rags, that turtle and brocade. 20
 LAW cries; did men make CHEYNE'S rules their care
 Courts and Court-fools would be extremely rare."
 To such a Doctrine what will POLLIO say,
 POLLIO, who wantons in pow'r's warmest ray?
 Who has most merit, tell me? Is it he, 25
 That stinks and snarls in dirt and poverty;
 Or who in virtue foremost as in place,
 Can act the minister or man with grace,
 With equal temper taught in courts to shine,
 Or with a beam unsully'd to decline? 30
 He, freed, like FENELON, from pomp and pow'r,
 Sacred to science builds the Attic Bow'r,
 Or, nobly proud to rival TOWNSHEND'S Toil,
 With unknown harvests glads the teeming soil.
 Not so the Churl, whose gall o'erflowing mind,
 Pours the full stream of rancour on mankind,
 ST. JOHN, who early finn'd against each rule,
 In dawn of manhood Passion's ficklest fool;
 A CLODIO, and a CATILINE, by turns;
 Now Pleasure melts him, now Ambition burns. 40

See

Alter mileti textam cane pejus & angue

Vitabit chlamydem : morietur frigore, si non

Rettuleris pannum : refer, & sine vivat ineptus.

Res gerere, & captos ostendere civibus hostes,

Attingit folium Jovis, & cœlestia tentat.

Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.

Sedit, qui timuit ne non succederet : esto :

Quid? qui pervenit, fecitne viriliter? Atqui

Hic est, aut nusquam, quod quærimus. hic onus horret,

Ut parvis animis & parvo corpore majus;

Hic subit, & perfert. Aut virtus nomen inane est,

Aut

See him inglorious in life's closing scene,
 Victim of picque, hate, envy, and chagrin;
 A Traytor, plotting with his Country's foes,
 Or Hermit, self-tormented in repose,
 Restless thro' spleen, by ev'ry law unaw'd, 45
 Libel his SOVEREIGN, and blaspheme his GOD.

Wretch ! by the Muse's love long veil'd from shame
 Misguided friendship bright'ning all his name :
 In vain; lo ! WARBURTON dissolves the charm,
 Religion's Ægis blazing on his arm.

But hail, illumin'd at fair Virtue's shrine,
 Ye, for whose brows Fame wreaths th'eternal twine,
 Who wake for justice, pant for freedom's cause,
 The YORKES and PELHAMS of the state and laws,
 Wield Britain's thunder on th'embattled plain, 55
 Or spread her flag triumphant o'er the main !

“ Rare lot, alas ! by arts like these to rise,
 “ Giv'n to the few, the daring and the wise;
 “ And not to ev'ry loit'rer, that can leer
 “ On lords, and drop soft nonsense in their ear.”

If there be ought in virtue but a sound,
 Here then, or no where, will desert be found.

This toils in court, that rusts in indolence,
 Say, which to merit has the best pretence;

He, who too exquisitely fine of frame 65
 For ease and silence barter wealth and fame,

Or

Aut decus & pretium recte petit experiens vir.
 Coram rege sua de paupertate tacentes
 Plus poscente ferunt : distat, sumasne pudenter,
 An rapias. Atqui rerum caput hoc erat, hic fons.
 Indotata mihi soror est, paupercula mater,
 Et fundus nec vendibilis, nec pascere firmus,
 Qui dicit; clamat, victum date. succinit alter,
 Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra.
 Sed tacitus pasci si posset corvus, haberet
 Plus dapis, & rixæ minus & minus invidiæque.
 Brundisium comes aut Surrentum ductus amœnum,
 Qui queritur salebras, & acerbum frigus, & imbres,
 Aut cistam effractam & subducta viatica plorat,
 Nota refert meretricis acumina, sæpe catellam,
 Sæpe periscelidem raptam sibi flentis : uti mox
 Nulla fides damnis verisque doloribus adsit.
 Nec semel irrisus. triviis attollere curat

Or the free Youth, who fir'd with CURIO's zeal,
 Speaks, votes, and bustles for the public weal?
 Yet of the thousands, that at levees plead
 Their wants, what wonder, if but few succeed, 70
 Close-clinging to the elbow of his Grace,
 A bowing, simp'ring, cringing, craving race?
 For sure, my friend, howe'er Court-corm'rants prize
 The thriving doctrine, some small diff'rence lies
 Between the modest Suitor, and the Man . 75
 Who gripes with harpy talons all he can,
 This, after many a comment on his case,
 Drops in dark hints th' expedient of a place;
 Another in a more embolden'd tone
 Hems not, but cries, " My whole estate is gone."
 A third embroider'd Beggar sums his tale
 In two short words, " A Pension, or a Jail."
 Or mark the Dean, for subtler counsels known,
 Call'd by his Patron once a year to Town,
 He strait grows peevish, to excuses flies 85
 Of costs, of trouble, or but half complies;
 Gravely objects the danger of the seas,
 " But, ah! great ministers ne'er think of these."
 To teaze what is it but to play the part
 Of her, long-practic'd in the wheedling art, 90
 Who has so gull'd her cullies o'er and o'er,
 That ev'n Sir ** is a dupe no more?

Fraeto crure planum : licet illi plurima manet

Lacryma ; per sanctum juratus dicat Osirin,

Credite, non ludo ; crudeles, tollite claudum,

Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamation.

The Beggar, once convicted of a lye,
Unheard, unpity'd, wail'd his shatter'd thigh,
Maim'd, or not maim'd, no matter ; tho' he swear 95
By ev'ry Saint good catholics revere,
His oaths unheeded echo thro' the street,
While the hoarse Rable roar, a Cheat ! a Cheat !

The Beggar, once considered as a
Unhappy, wretched, and almost
Main'd, or not main'd, no matter, the no less
by every Saint and Catholic
It's only not noted as a thing of the
While the name is kept from a Cheat, a Cheat

THE
EIGHTEENTH EPISTLE
OF THE
SAME BOOK.

L 3

EPISTOLA

E P I S T O L A

XVIII.

SI bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,
Scurrantis speciem præbere, professus amicum.

Ut matrona meretrici dispar erit atque

Discolor, infido scurræ distabit amicus.

Est huic diversum vitio vitium prope majus,

Asperitas agrestis, & inconcinna, gravisque,

Commendat quæ se intonsa cute, dentibus atris :

Dum vult libertas dici mera, veraque virtus.

VIRTUS est medium vitiorum, & utrinque reductum :

Alter in obsequium plus æquo pronus, & imi

Derisor lecti, sic nutum divitis horret,

Sic

E P I S T L E

XVIII.

* * ! if one, who knows you, may commend;
 By servile arts you never made a friend.
 Not wider varies SHERLOCK from ROMAINE,
 * * from Patriot, Prude from Lady VANE,
 Than you from the smooth sycophant, who greets 5
 With hugs and compliments each fop he meets.
 Yet there's a fault, ev'n worse, tho' diff'rent quite;
 An air, a mien, that shocks you at first sight;
 A roughness, whose sole pride is to appear
 In dress, in language, manly and sincere. 10
 Such inconsistencies to fools belong,
 Whom very love of right betrays to wrong.
 ÆLIUS, one simper dimpling o'er his face,
 Wriggles into the presence of his Grace:

Sic iterat voces, & verba cadentia tollit,
 Ut puerum sævo credas dictata magistro
 Reddere, vel partes mimum tractare secundas.
 Alter rixator de lana sæpe caprina
 Propugnat, nugis armatus : scilicet, ut non
 Sit mihi prima fides ; &, vere quod placet, ut non
 Acriter elatrem ; pretium ætas altera fordet.
 Ambigitur quid enim ? Castor sciat, an Dolichos plus ?
 Brundisium Minuci melius via ducat, an Appi ?
 Quem damnosa Venus, quem præceps alea nudat,
 Gloria quem supra vires & vestit & ungit,
 Quem tenet argenti fitis importuna famelque,
 Quem paupertatis pudor & fuga, dives amicus,
 Sæpe decem vitiis instructior, odit & horret.
 Aut si non odit, regit ; ac, veluti pia mater,
 Plus quam se sapere, & virtutibus esse priorem

Vult

Soon as perceiv'd, with decent dread o'eraw'd, 15
 He waits at distance, and reveres the nod;
 Then lifts the flatt'ring mirror to my lord,
 Reflects each feature, echoes back each word,
 Acts o'er each gesture with observant zeal,
 Ready to catch at every syllable. 20

See, big with oaths, the Captain! you would swear
 A batt'ry were just bursting on your ear:
 With lips all trembling, and with starting eye,
 "Hell! Furies! shall I tamely take the lye?"
 "My honour question'd! sooner than forsake 25
 "This point, I'd perish piecemeal on the rack."
 Whence could arise this storm? alas! from chat
 On trash; who speaks in this house, or in that;
 Who closets whom; or whether it be known,
 If C * * * 's complexion be her own. 30

But of all wrong-heads the first sure is he,
 Who dares to mimic men of quality;
 Who nightly visits with the roaring race
 The stews, or pinks a drawer, like his Grace;
 Intrigues with Countesses, or frantic sets 35
 His lands paternal on two desp'rate bets.
 Fool! not to know the Great with jealous eye
 See the base vulgar with their betters vie.
 As PHILIPS, when the dirty deed was done,
 Would preach on chastity like purest nun; 40

Just

Vult : & ait prope vera ; meæ (contendere noli)

Stultitiam patiuntur opes : tibi parvula res est :

Arcta decet sanum comitem toga : desine mecum

Certare. Eutrapelus, cuicumque nocere volebat,

Vestimenta dabat pretiosa. beatus enim jam

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia, & spes;

Dormiet in lucem ; scorto postponet honestum

Officium ; nummos alienos pascet ; ad imum

Threx erit, aut olitoris aget mercede caballum.

Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis illius unquam ;

Com-

Just so his Lordship, in punctilio nice,
 Yet deep, as MILO, in the sink of Vice,
 Will sagely hint, " This course can never last ;
 " 'Tis not for you, my friend, to have a taste :
 " Manners should suit with fortune, and with place ;
 " In Nobles, folly has a sort of grace." 46

Did GALLUS see an heir, he wish'd undone ;
 The supple novice first by praise he won :
 Next bland and smooth in easy style would trace
 The courtly virtues of brocade and lace ; 50
 Train him by wholesome lessons to revere
 Th' exotic polish of some travel'd peer,
 Proud with patrician ripeness to forsake
 All rule, and start at once into a rake.

Exemple's force the veriest dunce must own : 55
 He dubs Sir TINSEL, and drives up to Town.
 To places, persons, no regard is had :
 See him burst forth right honourably mad !
 Women and sharpers seize him in their turns ;
 At WHITE's he maddens, and at NEEDHAM's burns ;
 To routs, to levees, runs ; or in the ring 61
 Saunters, a staring, loit'ring, listless thing :
 Last, stript of manors, lands, and country seat,
 He flaunts with ragged riband in the Fleet.

My friend ! avoid by wily ways to steal 63
 A secret, or imparted to reveal,

In

Commissumque teges, & vino tortus & ira.
 Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprendes :
 Nec, cum venari volet ille, poemata panges.
 Gratia sic fratrum geminorum, Amphionis atque
 Zethi, diffiluit ; donec suspecta severo
 Conticuit lyra. Fraternalis cessasse putatur
 Moribus Amphion. tu cede potentis amici
 Lenibus imperiis ; quotiesque educet in agros
 Æoliis onerata plagis jumenta canesque,
 Surge, & inhumana senium depone Camoenæ,
 Coenes ut pariter pulmenta laboribus emta :
 Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
 Vitæque & membris ; præsertim cum valeas, &
 Vel cursu superare canem, vel viribus aprum
 Possis. Adde, virilia quod speciosius arma
 Non est qui tractet. Scis quo clamore coronæ
 Proelia sustinentes Campestria : denique sævam
 Militiam puer & Cantabrica bella tulisti
 Sub duce, qui templis Parthorum signa refigit
 Nunc, &, siquid abest, Italis adjudicat armis.
 Ac, ne te retrahas, & inexcusabilis abstes ;
 Quamvis nil extra numerum fecisse modumque
 Curas, interdum nugaris rure paterno.
 Partitur lintres exercitus : Actia pugna,
 Te duce, per pueros hostili more refertur :
 Adversarius est frater ; lacus Hadria : donec
 Alterutrum velox Victoria fronde coronet.
 Consentire suis studiis qui crediderit te,
 Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.
 Protinus ut moneam ; (siquid monitoris eges tu)
 Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, sæpe videto.

Per-

In the weak hour, when with the social bowl
 Flows the free thought, or passion stirs the soul.
 Make not those Churls your pattern, who affect
 To treat a friend's amusements with neglect : 70
 To yield in trifles serves more close to bind
 Those ties endearing, that knit mind to mind.
 Nor, when the season calls to sports, be seen
 With brow contracted, or with musing mien ;
 Let books awhile to exercise give place ; 75
 Go ! spread the net, or join th' enlivening chace.
 Fly, fly the Siren Indolence ; at least
 While youth's brisk spirit beats within your breast,
 And Health, attendant on life's op'ning spring,
 Bids the light mind be ever on the wing. 80
 Train'd to the field our fathers never knew
 The tender texture, nor the lilly hue,
 But Toil, that roams the mountain bare and bleak,
 Strung ev'ry nerve, and crimson'd ev'ry cheek.
 Hence the bright list, that gilds the British page, 85
 The DRAKES and TALBOTS of each distant age,
 Who aw'd proud France, or from usurping Spain
 Indignant snatch'd the trident of the main.

Now, Sir, once more, nor may my zeal offend,
 To drop into the teacher, and the friend. 90
 Let candour ever in your words be shown,
 And make another's character your own.

In

Percontatorem fugito: nam garrulus idem est;

Nec retinent patulæ commissa fideliter aures;

Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum,

Non ancilla tuum jecur ulceret ulla, puerve,

Intra marmoreum venerandi limen amici;

Ne dominus pueri pulchri caræve puellæ

Munere te parvo beet, aut incommodus angat.

Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aspice; ne mox

Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.

Fallimur, & quondam non dignum tradimus : ergo,

Quem sua culpa premet, deceptus omitte tueri.

At penitus notum si tentent crimina, serves,

Tuterisque

In talk with Hispo be reserv'd ; for know ;
 News-catchers to a man are tatlers too.

As funnels, open at both ends, receive 95

The liquor first, and then to bottles give,

So ears, athirst for prate, no sooner gain

The thing they want, but let it out again.

Let Caution on your lips her finger lay ;

What's spoke, irrevocably flits away. 100

Tho', once a tenant of the Muse's bow'r,

You share the friendship of the man in pow'r,

Teaze not for trifles ; lest, to give you pain,

My lord say coolly, your request's in vain ;

Or with a complaisance, that rates too high 105

Th' extorted favour, cruelly comply.

Some few their int'rest with the Great abuse,

Prick'd with the rage of politics and news,

Wild as the wight, who, too agog to bear

Th' eternal tingle of an itching ear, 110

Ravish'd to catch his patron in the mind,

For one State-secret all his hopes resign'd.

Commend such only, whom you long have known ;

Or learn to blush for failings, not your own.

Dup'd by rash zeal give up, as public game, 115

The fool to ridicule, the knave to shame.

But should the man, in whom, (rare union !) shine

Wit's glowing graces, reason's spark divine,

Whose

Tuterisque tuo fidenter præsidio; qui
 Dente Theonino cum circumroditur, ecquid
 Ad te post paulo ventura pericula sentis?
 Nam tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet;
 Et neglecta solent incendia sumere vires.
 Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici;
 Expertus metuit. Tu, dum tua navis in alto est,
 Hoc age, ne mutata retrorsum te ferat aura.
 Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosus,
 Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi:
 Potiores liquidi media de nocte salerni
 Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula; quamvis
 Nocturnos jures te formidare tepores.
 Deme supercilio nubem: plerumque modestus
 Occupat obscuri speciem, taciturnus acerbi.
 Inter cuncta leges & percontabere doctos,
 Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum;
 Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido,
 Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium spes:
 Virtutem doctrina paret, Naturæ donet:

Quid

Whose modest manners Virtue's self approves,
 Whom Wisdom leads thro' learning's inmost groves,
 Stand the fierce rage of Envy's motley train,
 The proud, the bigotted, the dull, the vain,
 Arise ! and nobly feeling for your friend,
 His morals vindicate, his fame defend,
 Till bursting thro' the cloud with bright'ning ray
 Truth bids his worth blaze forth in open day. 126

With gaping homage staring striplings come
 From rural revels to the drawing-room :
 Yet HYDE once knew from courts what friendship
 springs,

And WENTWORTH pity'd fools, that trust in Kings.
 Believe me, contraries will never hit ; 131

The sop avoids the clown, the dunce the wit ;
 With scornful glance the peevish pedant sees
 The youth, whose temper, taste, are form'd to please ;
 And the two sisters, who long nights will sip, 135
 Jeer the poor girl, that scarce will wet her lip.

Would you, like LUCIO, take all eyes, all hearts ?
 Learn from his converse mild, yet sprightly, arts,
 And win with looks, that lively and serene
 Speak the clear sunshine of the soul within. 140

But study chief by men or books to find
 What may allay the longings of the mind ;
 Cure her of all she covets, or admires ;
 Wealth's wild pursuits ; ambition's mad desires ;

M

How

Quid minuat curas ; quid te tibi reddat amicum ;
 Quid pure tranquillet ; honos, an dulce lucellum,
 An secretum iter, & fallentis semita vitæ,
 Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
 Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus ;
 Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari ?
 Sit mihi, quod nunc est ; etiam minus : & mihi vivam
 Quod superest ævi, siquid superesse volunt Dî :
 Sit bona librorum & provisæ frugis in annum
 Copia, ne fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ.
 Sed satis est orare Jovem, quæ ponit & aufert :
 Det vitam, det opes : æquum mi animum ipse parabo.

How to insure a chearful conscience ; where 145
 To seek the soothing antidote of Care ;
 Which to prefer ; proud gains of Cent per Cent,
 Or humbler lot of little with content ;
 The crouded haunts, where MAMMON plies his trade,
 Or the still walks of life's sequester'd shade. 150
 Yes ; let me own, when, lost in rural dream,
 I wander, where Cam winds his willow'd stream,
 Here may I live, I cry ; here, far from strife,
 Close the calm scene of unambitious life !
 All fortune's gifts, no matter what they are, 155
 The wise, the weak, the virtuous, vicious, share ;
 One blessing from myself I must receive ;
 'Tis peace ; NEWCASTLE has it not to give.



ERRATA.

- P. 39. L. 27. *after Painters dele the Commâ.*
P. 45. last Line, *for monthy r. monthly.*
P. 57. L. 3. *for coak r. coax.*
P. 130. L. 3. *for Bariam r. Variam.*
P. 144. last Line, *after irrisus dele the Point.*

